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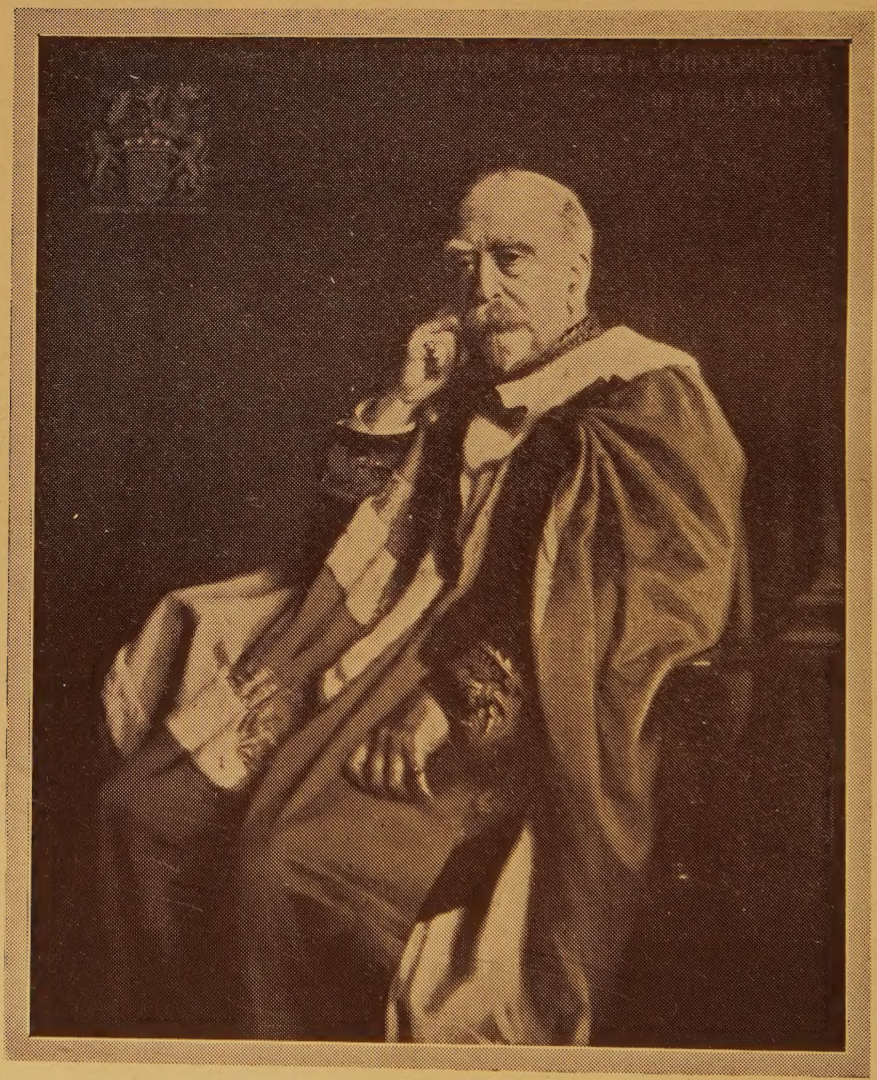


Hayter.

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 May, 1928

Our May Number

By THE EDITOR

Some Special Features.

FRIENDS all round the globe will be pleased to see the portrait of Lord Hayter, which was unveiled by the Lord Mayor of London on December 14, 1927. Mr. Arthur Nowell never seems to have been more successful than in this striking likeness. It will be treasured by those who have been trained at the Leys and at Farringtons, and not least by a host of soldiers and sailors to whom Lord Hayter has been so noble a friend. It is not inappropriate that the Book of the Month is on ' The Charm of Cambridge,' where Methodism has now its own college, which Dr. Hughes represents by his fine article, as well as its great school. John Wesley's University city is represented by Mr. Bodgener's ' Oxford Methodism,' which is to be followed by another next month on the Oxford District. The Rev. E. F. P. Scholes, in ' Chinese Nationalism,' gives the clearest view we have seen of the embarrassing situation in the far East. Dr. Lidgett's ' Reminiscences ' come to an end this month. They have been a delight and an inspiration to many. ' The Psalm for Heroes ' grows upon us as Mr. Farnsworth traces its influence through the centuries. Wesley and the Young Pretender; Dante and Music; the outlook from a manse window and Mrs. Kernahan's story, make up a number of which our Church may be proud.

Two Friends.

From Nova Scotia the Rev. Henry Burgess writes to express his appreciation of the *Magazine* ' in its new shape, and with its very excellent articles selected so wisely.' He wants to have some of the short stories in book form. ' Surely they are worth preserving.' His wish has now been granted. The great-grandson of the first Missionary Treasurer who also helped Joseph Benson as a literary critic, writes, ' You keep up a very high standard.'

John Wesley's Day.

May 24 is the day that may be said to have made Methodism, for it lifted its Founder into a new world of trust and peace.

Dr. Sugden and Mr. Boreham will be a great attraction for the sermon and public meeting at City Road on that day. A tablet is to be unveiled on West Street Chapel, which gave Wesley a consecrated building for his glorious Sacramental Services. The Wesleys were often in the pulpit. George Whitefield and John Fletcher preached there. A seat was kept for Lady Huntington till after the Creed, as she regularly attended when in town. West Street lies between Shaftesbury Avenue and St. Martin's Lane. An early Conference met within its walls; it had a visit, it is said, from the Epworth Ghost; one or two of Wesley's sisters lived in the Chapel House. It was the west end centre from 1743 till the migration to Great Queen Street in 1798.

Kansas City.

Dr. Hulme is our representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which meets this month in Kansas City in the Convention Hall which seats 12,000. The city is known as the Heart of America, and its yearly trade is about a billion dollars. Agricultural implements, food stuffs, a horse and mule market attest its wealth. The population is nearly 600,000 and Kansas is soon to have a university of its own.

Whitsuntide.

Dr. Maldwyn Hughes lights up the New Testament references to the Holy Spirit in *Christian Foundations,* which ought to be in the hands, not only of every preacher, but of every Christian thinker at Whitsuntide. 'For Paul the Spirit is that Divine Power which lays hold of our nature and inwardly transforms it. The Spirit stands in vital relation to the new life in Christ.' St. Paul takes the utmost pains to distinguish between Christ and the Spirit. The Holy Spirit deals directly with each individual and qualifies him for incorporation into the Christian community by His work in the heart. Man has a capacity for God; God also has a capacity for man and through the Holy Spirit enters into the life of men. 'That is why,' says Professor Lewis of Drew, 'we shall continue to speak of the Holy Spirit as divine, as eternal, as an essential element in the total Christian conception of God.' Whitsuntide fills the Church with courage and hope, for it is conscious of a mighty power that is convicting the world of sin, and setting human feet on the highway of holiness.

John Telford

Chinese Nationalism and What it Means to Us

By E. F. P. SCHOLES

I

THIS great movement, started by Sun Yat-sen, taken up by the students and the press of China, and stimulated to yet greater activity by Russian Boleshvists, has, within the last two or three years, wrought more havoc amongst the Chinese than anything since the Taiping Rebellion of three-quarters of a century ago, and has caused more disturbance to foreign business and foreign missions than anything since the Boxer outbreak of a quarter of a century ago.

Looked at in the abstract there is much in this growing national consciousness that awakens a sympathetic chord, not only in the missionary body but in the foreign business community too. Speaking of the missionaries one can truthfully say that they recognize that China must some day be able to free herself from the inferior and subordinate position which she has long borne towards Western nations. It is the very education begun in mission schools that has made the present movement possible, and never have the missionaries been against the aspirations to independent nationhood which should be the natural development of Christian education. Our great regret is that recent events have revealed how far below the requisite standard of civilization China still is. Whilst some missionaries would even now say, ' Give China what she wants and take all risks,' other missionaries (mostly the older ones) say, ' The risk is too great as recent events have more and more proved.' Whilst there are Chinese enlightened and capable who could guide the nation aright, they are too few and uninfluential, and their own lives would not be worth a day's purchase if they dared to go against the military leaders, the only *de facto* rulers.

Nationalism as it affects us means the abolition of the so-called *Unequal Treaties.* The implication is that all treaties with China that foreign nations have made are unfair, and that China has only yielded because she was too weak to do anything else. Included in these treaties are the *Concessions, Extraterritoriality,* and *Customs Management.* Let us look at these in turn.

1. The Foreign Concessions.

Until 1840 all foreign trade with China, that trade being

mostly British, was done with Canton only, where no foreigner was allowed to possess a foot of land. Thirteen Chinese firms only (called *co-hongs*) were allowed to have trading relations with the foreign barbarians. The arrogance and contempt shown all along by the Chinese Emperor, his court and officials, was paving the way for war. The occasion came when a Chinese official threw 20,000 chests of opium into the sea. Much though we may deplore the fact that at that time the bulk of our trade was in this Indian opium, impoverishing the Chinese and harming them physically, yet we have to affirm that the provocation so long given us by many high-handed acts, of which this was the culminating one, was really what brought on the war of 1840-2 which unfortunately has gone down in history as the Opium War.

By the Nanking Treaty that followed, Hongkong a barren and rocky island, inhabited by a few fishermen, was ceded to Britain. The first census showed a population of 5,000. The last shows nearly 400,000, mostly Chinese, who make a good living and dwell in comfort and safety. Besides this the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were opened to trade. This was the first of the ' Unequal Treaties.'

Let us now see wherein the inequality lies. Until this first treaty the only trade with the country had been done at the port of Canton and that under very humiliating restrictions for us. The new treaty, which sought to expand the volume of imports and exports (surely for China's benefit as well as our own) now secured for us a few more ports. The Chinese were still determined to keep foreigners from penetrating into the interior, and so conceded them strips of land near to these five ports. Foreigners, chiefly British, have taken these strips of sand or mud flats and have built sea-walls and breakwaters, paved and macadamized broad boulevards, installed drains and electric lighting systems, and all the amenities of civilization. They have organized Municipal Councils and police forces whilst trading firms have erected buildings equal to the best in any city in this country.

In course of time other Treaty Ports have been opened, but none have been added in recent years. Forty-nine is the exact number. Probably thirty only are regarded as of any use. These are the only places in the whole of a country the size of Europe, and with a population equal to it, in which foreigners can trade. Chinese who come to this country can live and trade anywhere. If we were to treat them as they treat us we should

allow them to settle at (say) Liverpool and Southampton, allotting them a sandbank at the former and a mud swamp at the latter. Yet it is the Chinese who complain of the ' unequal treaties,' and who are now clamouring for the return to them of the strips of land conceded in a former generation. The immeasurable improvements that have taken place under municipal and consular rule are ignored. So is the fact that at Tsingtao, retroceded by the Germans in the Great War, Chinese rule has brought about a reversion to type with all the abuses characteristic of Chinese rule.

Missionaries, however, are not subject to the same restrictions as merchants. By the Tientsin Treaty of 1858 they were allowed to go everywhere ' to inculcate the practice of virtue and to teach man to do as he would be done by.' We are indebted to the French Roman Catholics for the introduction of that clause. Protestant missionaries have taken full advantage of it. It would never have come about if there had not been some show of force. Some missionaries as well as the Chinese Nationalist party are now saying that that treaty is unequal, forgetting that such provisions would not need a treaty in any civilized country.

2. Extraterritoriality.

The most clamant demand of the Chinese Nationalist party is for the abolition of extrality (to use a briefer word). Extrality simply means that people of other countries resident in China are, for legal and judicial purposes, subject only to the representatives of their own government (generally the consuls), and are not under the laws of the country they live in. It is what exists in any country where a foreign ambassador is concerned. We have seen recently instances of an American ambassador in London and of a British ambassador in Washington both committing automobile offences, yet immune from prosecution in the countries in which the offence was committed. These were cases of extrality.

The subject of extrality was an important one at the Washington Conference of 1922. A commission was appointed to explore the possibility of its abolition. Last year this commission, under the chairmanship of Mr. Silas Strawn of the U.S., made a tour in China, visiting law courts and prisons, and receiving evidence about their working. Most foreigners in China at the time thought that the commission ought to have gone more into the interior than it did in order to get a true conception. Very likely the commissioners would have done this but they

feared being seized by bandits. Even by keeping to such safe places as Peking, Tientsin, Tsingtao, Hankow, and Shanghai, they were able to amass ample evidence that China was far from being a country where Europeans could look for justice.

The report was issued in four parts in November 1926. The first part is a ' technical analysis of the system,' and cites some abuses. The second is a study of the Chinese legal, judicial, and prison systems, and the third is a sweeping condemnation of the prison and legal system. The fourth part suggests possible modifications of the system and expresses the hope of the final abolition of extrality. It is noteworthy that this is the only part of the report which the Chinese Foreign Office has dared to publish, everything else being so damaging to their prestige. Extrality is still much needed in China, and must be maintained until China has greatly reformed her laws, her courts, and her prisons, and can guard all people (her own included) from the hitherto grave miscarriage of justice.

These things being so, it is strange to find the missionary body divided into two camps, and that some say that we ought all to repudiate extrality, taking our lives in our hands, never seeking the protection of consul or of gunboat, seeing that our business is the publishing of the Gospel of peace. Our arguments against such unpractical idealism can be ranged under headings legal, medical, and theological.

1. *Legal.* With a generosity truly marvellous Western Christians have erected many and massive buildings for missionary purposes. If treaties should no longer count for anything, what guarantee have we in present-day China, that our title-deeds would be respected? Even if they allow us still the use of our buildings is it likely that we shall get off with a just taxation when we are on the same footing as the Chinese? The grasping mandarins would have no more compunction about levying a tax of thousands of dollars on a hospital than at present they have about levying it on a chamber of commerce or a railway.

2. *Medical.* What has been said about the property and funds of our societies can be said with even greater cogency about the lives of missionaries. It is constantly urged that missionaries should guard their health. A sick missionary is not only doing no work himself but is keeping someone else off work to attend to him. The great explorer, H. M. Stanley, said, ' A dead missionary is no more use than any other dead man.' Now apply this line of reasoning to the additional risks to life which

missionaries would incur in this ill-governed country unless protected by treaties.

3. *Theological.* St. Paul saw fit to make mention to civil and military authorities that he was a Roman citizen. In four instances recorded in Acts the severity of his lot was mitigated by asserting this right.

Would not Paul's advice to any one else, e.g. missionaries, who, by relying on a powerful country like Britain or the United States could sometimes save themselves for future usefulness, be on this wise, ' Receive with thankfulness ' the fact that you are ' free-born ' and ' use it rather ' ?

3. Customs Management.

The customs system was started in Shanghai in 1854 by a British vice-consul, a Mr. Lay, who was allowed to levy charges for China on goods consigned from Britain, America, and France. Then began the service afterwards raised to such a high pitch of efficiency by Sir Robert Hart. There would not have been the slightest hope of achieving it if China had been left to herself.

It will help to the understanding of this if one describes the *likin* (or inland customs). When one gets away from the Treaty Ports and penetrates the interior by boat one finds that about every fifty or hundred miles there is a *likin* station. Here scores of boats are held up, sometimes for days, awaiting the pleasure of officials. With long iron rods they poke into the recesses of the boat, and having ascertained the cargo they make their charge, always assessing the goods at more than their value. An altercation ensues and perhaps a slight reduction is made. Payment made, the boat proceeds till the next *likin* barrier is come to when the process is repeated. So it happens that goods become double and treble the price they were at the start. The increase in prices is due far more to *likin* than to freight charges. Some kinds of merchandise cannot find their way far inland, and similarly some kinds of produce do not get down to the coast, simply on account of the above vicious system for throttling trade.

It may be assumed that at the best of times only one-tenth of the sum collected would ever reach the Peking government. Of late in the greater part of China even that residuum has gone to the rapacious war-lords in the regions where they hold temporary sway. All *likin* officials have had to buy their position. Having got it their object is to make all they can out of it.

Now imagine a system no better than the above applied to goods entering China from countries such as ours. It would be intolerable. Our ships could not be detained at the caprice of Chinese officials who would be incapable of understanding foreign invoices or appraising foreign goods. Neither could shippers and buyers submit their goods to the ever-varying charges of those whose great object was personal enrichment.

Some scheme was needed that would bring China into line with other countries. With infinite patience and skill Sir R. Hart brought into being and perfected a system which, while absolutely fair and impartial to countries dealing with China, was also the means of bringing in many millions of taels every year that on any other system would have been frittered away before they reached the exchequer. This system continued under the Republic and has been equally helpful to it in securing a revenue at a minimum cost of collection.

Until the treaty consequent upon the Boxer troubles, imposts were on specified articles of a luxury character like the tariff system of this country. When in 1902 the Powers had reckoned up their losses from the Boxer fury and estimated them at 450 million taels (say six taels to a £) some means had to be found for paying them. The decision arrived at was to spread the payment over forty years and charge five per cent. *ad valorem* on all goods entering China. Thus in the end it may well be said that the foreigners who had suffered loss were by this extra tax paying their own indemnity. As a matter of fact this five per cent. has been far more than enough to pay the Boxer compensation. This was especially so as trade continued to increase, and, especially so as the United States soon relinquished its claim to Boxer compensation. Lord Willingdon's recent commission was for the purpose of deciding how to dispose of Britain's remaining share of the indemnity for the benefit of China. The chaos that came about just after the commission had made its recommendations quite prevents the carrying out of them.

For some time now young China has been restive under the foreign control of the customs. Its *amour propre* is hurt by the implication that China lacks the genius for honesty and that Sir R. Hart's admirable customs service would soon disintegrate if managed by themselves. To answer this one needs only to recall what has already been said. A few additional facts are, however, worth pondering.

When this service was started it was decided that the

Inspector General should be British as long as Britain's trade was greatest. As it has turned out there have been but two holding that office in all the sixty-five years of its existence—Sir Robert Hart and Sir Francis Aglen. As regards the personnel that is regulated according to the volume of trade done with each country. Britains trade is greatest and so Britain has the greatest number of customs officers. Japan, U.S.A. and France are the runners-up and are well represented. Many other countries have their nationals too. These are the men who assess the charges on goods according to the invoices submitted to them, and make up the accounts of the port, and send them to Peking. They also compile statistics of exports and imports. They are called the Indoor Staff. Any tampering with the tariff charges so as to let a merchant of his own country off lightly is effectively checked by the presence of men of other nationalities on the same staff. The allegation which *has* been made by Chinese recently that invoices *under*-charge for customs purposes is effectively met by the fact that all overseas goods are insured and the consignors take care not to declare the value to be any less than it actually is.

Besides this there are the men of the outdoor staff. These have to visit the ships that come in and go out. Some of them search for opium and arms (which are contraband). They receive a reward when they discover them. From time to time the opium is made a bonfire of on the foreshore, while morphia is held in the Customs House and only released to foreign-controlled hospitals as required medicinally.

Then, too, every Treaty Port has its harbour-master, a foreigner, who regulates the shipping according to foreign methods. The depth of the water, so variable on the rivers that in summer there is a difference of forty feet or more above the winter level, is displayed, whilst at the coast ports tides are shown and typhoon warnings given. Lighthouses, lightships, and buoys are set in suitable places and constantly inspected. All this is contrary to the genius of China and is entirely due to foreign enterprise.

What China Should Do.

If China had a mind to emulate civilized methods, as Japan has done, she would long ago have seen fit to prove herself equal to taking over the customs and working them honestly, not only in the interest of other trading countries but also in her own interest. Unfortunately, China shows no capacity for copying the good examples that are before her eyes, as witness

the foreign settlements with their wide and clean streets, their perfect sanitation and police system; then side by side with them the narrow and filthy streets and alleys of the native city. We should have more confidence in turning over important business interests to them if we saw them showing ordinary honesty and businesslike capacity in their own affairs.

The impecuniosity of China has made its government contract loans with foreign banks and syndicates at a moderate interest, varying from 4½ per cent. to 8 per cent. These are all secured on the customs revenue and form a first charge upon it year by year. Are British and other capitalists, who have lent these millions to help China, to lose their investments? That is another reason why China is not ready for customs autonomy: she is too heavily in debt.

The Post Office for thirty years has been most efficiently run along with the customs. When young China cries 'Give us back our P.O.' we reply, 'You never had it, though your government has derived millions of revenue every year from it, which would not have been the case in Chinese hands.' To prove this we have only to draw attention to the Telegraph Administration which has always been in Chinese hands. It is a by-word for ineptitude. It is said to be the dearest telegraph system in the world and very little dependence can be placed on it. The same is true of the Telephone service. The public are badly served by these and no profit accrues to the government out of either.

[*To be concluded.*]

Oratio in Baptismo

By BENJAMIN E. HAWKINS

Praise to Thee, O Christ, whose grace
Gave us in Thine ark a place;
Prayer at our baptism made
Still prevails and brings new aid.

Father, Him we own who saves
As we pass the swelling waves.
—Waves of this much troubling world—
Hither, thither tossed and hurled.

There's a Presence on the sea
Breathing strange tranquillity;
On the water walks a Guide
Mightier than the fiercest tide.

His supporting hand we know
Saving from the depths below;
Though the heaving floods enfold,
Who can sink if He has hold?

In that hold, so strong and just,
We with steadfast faith would trust;
Joyful still in hope would be,
Rooted deep in charity.

So that—past the stormy strife—
We may reach the land of life,
On that everlasting shore
Reign with Thee for evermore.

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

IT is time to bring these Reminiscences to a conclusion. In doing so, perhaps I may be allowed to make a few general observations without laying myself open to any charge of egotism. Some people have charged me in past years with ' having too many irons in the fire.' Others have asked how I have managed to get through so much work, and to discharge such multifarious duties. They have suggested that I must needs ' burn the midnight oil.' Many have probably condemned me for giving so much time and strength to what they regard as merely secular affairs. Before coming to the most important questions, I may answer that my work has been made possible by great regularity of habits, by the power of quickly switching off attention from one subject to another, and not least of all, by the acquired habit of very swift preparation of sermons, speeches, and articles, with a large trust in the spontaneity of the moment. This last has certain incidental risks and drawbacks, due for the most part to conditions of health, mood, and freshness at the moment when the call to speak arises. There is rest and refreshment in change of occupation. Often I have replied to questions, ' The L.C.C. is my golf.'

Providential Calling.

Coming, however, to the main point, I would say that my life has *grown* through a combination of inward urge and outward opportunity, which I have regarded as indications of a providential calling. Hence the internal unity of a sense of calling and of a governing objective have saved me, for the most part, from the jarring competition of claims, and from the distraction of conflicting responsibilities imposed from without. The chief strain upon me has arisen, not from manifold activities, but from the primary concern of having to bear, often alone, wearing financial burdens for sustaining many indispensable agencies in a very poor district out of sight. I have steadily refused all along to adopt methods of advertisement, which I think inflict injury upon the self-respect of the poor, vulgarize the work itself, and may easily damage the spirit of those who are driven by financial pressure to advertise themselves in order to support their work. The internal sense of unity, by which I have been sustained, has been due to my conception of the Wholeness of Life, of the Wholeness of Society, and of the Wholeness of the Church. This threefold Wholeness has for me

been the immediate consequence of the Fatherhood of God as revealed by and in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Three Great Wholenesses.

1. The Wholeness of Life. The distinction between the sacred and the secular is false, in so far as it is made a hard-and-fast separation. The true division is between life in and for God, and life, or what is left of it, apart from God. Fellowship with God in life and service, if completed, carries with it sympathy with and support given to the whole of His purposes for men. His purpose embraces the perfecting of human personalities—in body, mind, and spirit, the perfecting of society, and the handling of our earthly environment so that it may be made increasingly the instrument of bringing about this individual and social perfecting. No activity and interest that is bound up with the welfare of men can possibly fall outside the scope of the Kingdom of God. The superiority of the spiritual life is shown, not in the interests it excludes, but in those that it is enabled to include, purify, and harmonize within the supreme relationship to ' the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

2. Hence, also, the Wholeness of human Society and the call to rise above sectional aims and success by a spirit of self-giving that transcends the distinctions of class, party, denomination, and in the last resort, of nationality itself.

3. The Wholeness of the Church. This means that the followers of Christ are bound together in a spiritual unity that cannot be destroyed by ecclesiastical barriers, by sectarian denials of it, by doctrinal differences, or by the consequent failure to give to this unity final and complete expression.

Yet this inward and spiritual unity demands outward and corporate expression, as far as loyalty to truth—as truth is conceived by faith and therefore is to be maintained by faithfulness—will permit. Even conscientious differences of belief should not be held in a sectarian spirit or maintained by ruthless controversy. All maintenance of differences should be carried out, not only for the sake of ultimate unity, but in the spirit that searches for, rejoices in, and seeks to manifest that internal unity of fellowship in Christ, which happily is not destroyed by even the serious errors in respect to doctrine and usage, which the limitations of the human mind for the time being involve. Here we must beware lest our perception of the ' mote,' or perhaps even the ' beam ' in our brother's eye should cause us to overlook the beam in our own eye.

For the time being it would appear inevitable that the Religion of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit should stand out in opposition to one another. Each is vitiated by grave defects. The burden of tradition borne by the former not only includes many unchristian errors, but involves the suppression of the free and vital activities of personal faith. The danger of the latter arises from undue subjectivity and careless independence of what has been brought down to us by tradition, just because it is in some way or other bound up either with apostolic truth or with abiding spiritual needs. Hence the existing tension between Authority and Freedom, while inevitable, may well be providentially ordered, or at all events tolerated, in order that the interaction of the two may serve the wider ends of spiritual life, until the opposition can be transcended in the larger truth, which will correct as well as comprehend them both.

The Policy of Methodist Union.

It is from this standpoint that I regard the policy of Methodist Reunion. By the providence of God Methodism at its best represents a most remarkable enshrining of Apostolic and Catholic truth in a livng Evangelic experience. Its genius enables it to hold these two elements duly balanced, not only as its own privilege, but as a trust for the universal Church. The demands of ecclesiastical organization, while important, are subordinate, and if unduly pressed, would injure just that which is most distinctive and vital in the ' Charisma ' of Methodism. The present controversy in the Anglican Church shows how precarious is the comprehensiveness of an external system, when it holds together grave antagonisms of doctrine, principle, and temper. Methodism, as it contemplates the union of its three branches in this country, is free from any apprehension of serious danger in this direction. It must not subordinate and sacrifice the ' unity of the spirit ' to controversies about authority and organization, when the claims of these are reasonably satisfied. Methodism, if united by the spirit that preserves the Apostolic faith in living and free experience, has an immense opportunity of serving the universal Church in this crisis of its history. It is with the vision of this possibility, and in the hope that in what remains to me of life, I may humbly help to realize it, that I end these Reminiscences, with the expression of thankfulness to God that, in spite of all my unworthiness, hitherto He has helped me. ' This God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death.'

Methodism in Oxford District

By J. HENRY BODGENER

I. IN THE CITY

THE beginnings of God's work can often be traced to some trivial cause bearing no resemblance to the issuing effects, big with destiny. The career of Robertson of Brighton was determined by one of these 'next to nothings.' The barking of his dog brought a letter from the next-door neighbour, asking for its removal, and resulted in an intimacy between the two families and the introduction of Frederick Robertson to Mr. Davies, Vicar of Tewkesbury, who was on a visit there. He it was who greatly influenced him in the direction of the Church. Writing of this incident, Robertson says: 'If my dog had not barked, I should now have been in the dragoons or fertilizing the soil of India.'

Wesley Called to Oxford.

It was a letter from Dr. Morley, Rector of Lincoln, begging John Wesley to leave his curacy at Wroot and return to Oxford to fulfil his duties as junior fellow of that college that forged the link between Wesley and Methodism. When he arrived, he found a little group, gathered around his brother Charles already dubbed by a young gentleman of Christ Church as 'a new sect of Methodists,' because of the regularity of their lives and studies. Upon this society Wesley at once stamped his personality, informed it with his own vigour, and became its chief manager. Methodism thus had its birth. Its second birth took place at Aldersgate Street, marking 'an epoch in English history.' The date of the first Methodist society, considered as distinct and separate from others of its kind, can be fixed at the formation of the Society at the Foundery in Moorfields in the year 1739, when Methodism and Moravianism were separated. This was the parent of present-day Methodism. The institution of the class-meeting, as we know, was a later development and had its beginning in 1742.

James J. Moore, in his pamphlet *Nonconformity in Oxford,* says: 'The formation of the first Methodist Society (governed by Methodistic rules) in Oxford took place in March, 1738, five weeks before the foundation of the Society, on May 1, in Fetter Lane, London.' This claim can only be justified on the supposition that Wesley had anticipated his breach with the Moravians, an idea not countenanced by the records. It is indeed

very difficult to determine the precise date when the various societies, which Wesley was in the habit of visiting, in and around Oxford, coalesced and became stamped with the seal of the Foundery Society. On October 15, 1738, Wesley says, 'I preached twice at the castle and expounded at three societies.' These societies must have been in a very fluid condition and of an indefinite character. It cannot, however, have been long after the formation of the Foundery Society that the seal was put upon the Oxford groups and the process of hardening into the form of the parent society began.

The First Preaching Services.

Oxford Methodism in the city found a more or less permanent home in the house of Mr. and Mrs. James Mears in St. Ebbes. There Wesley must often have preached, and it is probably the place referred to in his *Journal,* 1768, November 10—'the room was thoroughly filled.' Definite mention of the Mears occurs in 1769, when evidently the congregation had grown to such proportions as to necessitate holding the service in the adjoining garden. We have been able to verify the name of Mears by reference to a Survey of Oxford compiled by the Rev. H. Salter bearing the date 1772. The name of James Meers, leather-dresser, 14, St. Ebbes, corner of Beef Lane, appears; the slight alteration of the spelling being accounted for by the fact that surnames were often spelled phonetically in those days. Moore is doubtless correct in stating that 'worship was conducted in the dwelling of Joseph Mears, St. Ebbe's Street,' and that there the first class-meeting gathered to 'press forward towards the prize,' though the date he gives, 1738, is a palpable error.

The Society seems to have been few in numbers, consisting chiefly of the poorer classes, for with the exception of James Mears, Wesley does not name a single tradesman in connexion with his services, or the site of the chapel, nor any person with whom he stayed. The first chapel is fixed by tradition in St. Ebbe's Street, behind what was then Mr. Hanley's tap, subsequently Hall's Brewery, and afterwards purchased by Allsop's. A large room on that site was used for the United Schools, and most probably was previously fitted up for worship, but in 1783, Wesley says, he preached in the New House. The property is still standing, and comprised the two houses almost opposite to the present Wesley Memorial Church. The assignment of the lease is dated April 17, 1783, and it is asserted that Wesley preached at the opening of the New House in New Inn Hall Street.

The New House in Oxford.

John Broadbent, Simon Day, and John Cole were the travelling preachers when the New House was opened and the circuit practically embraced the whole of the present Oxford District. The accommodation provided for the ministers in those days was poor and scanty. Joseph Entwisle and Richard Reece, four years later, were lodged in a garret over a cobbler's shop in New Inn Hall Lane, for which the Society paid sixpence a week. When these brothers happened to be at home together, Reece who was much the taller of the two, was obliged to lengthen the bed by putting his box at the feet. The garret served them for sitting-room, study, and bedroom, and there was no grate. In winter they used to buy wood and burn it on the hearth.

At this time, Methodism was at a very low ebb, but a revival began in 1791 mainly due to the remarkable energies of Mrs. Stevens, the wife of one of the Circuit ministers. Mr. Stevens in a letter to Dr. Coke dated December 1791, writes: 'I know your spirit exults in the prosperity of Zion; to our great joy God is visiting this city in a remarkable manner by the outpouring of His Spirit upon the people. Yesterday I added nine to this long barren Society. . . . This condescension of our adorable Lord appears to be in answer to the prayers of a few my dear wife has collected together at five o'clock in the morning to wrestle with God for Zion's prosperity. They have continued their unwearied intercession for two months till the fire has kindled and their numbers considerable increased. . . The congregations are greatly increased, and the power of God is with us.'

The spiritual condition of Methodism in the city seems to have been very fluctuating, for in 1799, the Rev. John Howard Hinton, Pastor of the Baptist Church at New Road, Oxford, intervenes on its behalf in a letter addressed to the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, then stationed at Birmingham. The letter is too long to quote in full, but in it Hinton says: 'It would give me much pleasure to see our Methodist brethren much more numerous and happy than they seem to be at present. . . . Mr. Wesley's annual visits used to comfort them, but now they seem forsaken. . . . Now I need not say, dear sir, have compassion on your Oxford brethren, and do all you can to help them. Here Mr. Wesley's spiritual race began; to Oxford he was partial; and you cannot better fulfil his will, than by smiling on his spiritual child.'

Mr. John Pike's Influence.

We do not know what response was made to that appeal, but in the same year it was written there came to Oxford a young man

of twenty-four years who was materially to affect the future progress of the cause. Mr. John Pike saw at once that Methodism was not likely to succeed so long as it was crippled by an unsuitable place for worship, and also by not having a resident and continuous pastorate. Pike was certainly a youth of pertinacity of character with a long head set on his young shoulders, for he immediately became the leader of a few enthusiastic men, with the result that a site was secured for a new building and this at a time when opposition to Nonconformity in Oxford was bitter and determined. Most of the available ground was in the possession of either the Corporation or the Colleges, the authorities of which would not have countenanced the erection of a Dissenting place of worship. Mr. Pike, however, secretly negotiated with Mr. Daniel Harris, a builder, who was in possession of property in New Inn Hall Street. When the site was secured, the friends of Mr. Harris actually tried to annul the agreement by attempting to prove the vendor of unsound mind, incapable of transacting business. It is also stated that when the actual building was proceeding, Dr. Tatham, Rector of Lincoln College, walked on to the spot and ordered the men to cease working. In spite of all these obstacles the chapel was built, and opened on Thursday, February 19, 1818. Three sermons were preached that day—in the morning by Dr. Adam Clarke, in the afternoon by Richard Watson, and in the evening by Jabez Bunting. This building is at the rear of the Wesley Memorial Church, and is now used as a schoolroom.

The story of those early days is one of heroic struggle with the burden of debt, but help was forthcoming from an unexpected source. As we have referred to the opposition to Methodism by the city, it would be ungracious not to mention the remarkable generosity of friends in the Church of England. Amongst these the name of Henry Goring deserves to be written in letters of gold. After the Watchnight service, John Pike, now the treasurer of the Trust, received a note informing him that Henry Goring, Esq., had placed to his credit at the Old Bank the sum of £3,000 for Methodist purposes. The struggle of the Methodist people with the burden of debt excited the sympathies of this somewhat peculiar man, who was deeply impressed by the zeal and piety of the godly men and women who were making such sacrifices on behalf of the spiritual welfare of the neighbourhood. He was a seat holder and regular worshipper at New Inn Hall Street chapel. In his will, dated June 8, 1813, he bequeathed to the trustees a further gift of £1,000.

The Wesley Memorial Church.

When the Rev. Richard Bell entered upon his second pastorate in Oxford in 1870, the passing of the Universities Act had removed the unfair restrictions against the entrance of Nonconformists to the University, whilst the establishment of the non-collegiate system facilitated the ingress of large numbers of students into the city. Mr. Bell was not slow to recognize the advantages of these changes for Methodist students, and at once begun to agitate for the alteration of the antiquated structure and furnishings of the old chapel. After much deliberation the trustees finally decided to erect a new building in front of the old one to meet both the needs of the congregation and the anticipated increase of Methodist students from all parts of the world. It was decided that the church should be built as a memorial to John Wesley and that it should be called the Wesley Memorial Church. This was opened for worship on October 11, 1878, by the Revs. Dr. James H. Rigg and Dr. Pope. Dr. Morley Punshon having assisted at the Stonelaying, preached the final sermon of the opening services.

A New Chapter.

Methodism in Oxford now began a new chapter in its history. The late Mr. James Nix, whose carefully compiled notebooks have provided much of the data for this article, says: ' The new church was to be a sanctuary which should be a fitting memorial to Mr. Wesley and a Methodist place of worship, where the ordinances of our holy religion might be duly observed without the violent extremes of either high or low Church.' This note, reflecting the official views of what the new church was to be, also indicates the improved status of Methodism in the city since the days when the society met in Mr. James Mears' house. The particular ethos of our religion seems to have been dangerously near smug respectability.

Hugh Price Hughes Revolutionizes Oxford.

But if there was a likelihood of the Wesley Memorial settling down to a state of stolid complacency, the danger was averted by a merciful Providence, which had provided a high explosive to be dropped into the midst of the people in the person of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Soon after he had been appointed by Conference as superintendent minister in 1883, he startled his ' eminently respectable congregation in New Inn Hall Street ' by announcing that on the following Sunday there would be no service in that church except a very brief one in the morning, as the services were to be held in a beautiful shady field near

Magdalen College. 'I proceeded with the utmost calmness to announce that, after the brief service in the morning, I should be accompanied by my two circuit stewards, who were to walk on my right and on my left, and that we should be followed by the entire choir. I may say that I did not consult any of those distinguished persons, because they might, perhaps, have hesitated if I had given them the opportunity of doing so. But after the public announcement they could scarcely be conspicuous by their absence.' Both the procession and the meeting had an electrifying effect upon Oxford, and there were many conversions. The revival had set in. The church became the centre of evanglical activities, mission bands composed mainly of young men went forth to hold open-air services both in the city and the neighbouring villages.

Hugh Price Hughes had been informed that the 'Oxford circuit was decaying and poverty stricken,' and that in coming he would be throwing away three of the most important years of his life. As soon as he arrived, he at once set to work to remove this reproach. His slogan was 'Nowhere is Methodism too feeble or too poor to achieve mighty results in the name of God,' and with characteristic vigour he set to work to prove the truth of those words. He writes in the 'Winter Number' of the *Methodist Recorder* for 1898: 'Among other discouraging current rumours was the notion that Oxford Methodism was particularly poverty-stricken. But I had not been in Oxford many weeks before we held a little meeting in the drawing-room of my venerable friend, Mr. Boffin, and in the course of twenty minutes—which I noted on the clock on his mantelpiece—eight or ten gentlemen promised on the spot a sum of not less than £900 towards the local extension of Methodism.' During this period, the Walton Street Chapel was built, 'designedly artistic in character,' where the adherents of the Cranham Street Mission room—inaugurated by Mr. Bell—were transferred and formed the nucleus of the congregation.

At the other end of Oxford, beyond Magdalen bridge, a remarkable work had been carried on by Mr. Walter Slaughter, assisted by his fiancée, who afterwards became his wife. Mr. Slaughter had great influence over his neighbours, and was especially successful in appealing to children. On his own initiative, he formed a Sunday school in Chapel Street, Cowley, and an evening preaching service on the same premises, the entire cause being ultimately removed by Mr. Slaughter to a workshop in Alma Place. The congregations continued to

multiply, and at the instigation of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes the William Street Mission Hall was built as part of the local extension scheme. It was Mr. James Slaughter who persuaded, and with a few friends, assisted the Rev. John E. Wakerley, then a promising local preacher in the circuit, to enter the ministry. The William Street property has since been sold, and a large church with institutional premises erected in Cowley Road and called Wesley Hall.

James and Josiah Nix.

Two brothers, both widely known in Methodism, were destined to take a prominent part in Oxford Methodism in this period.—Mr. James Nix and his younger brother Josiah. They became first lieutenants under the captaincy of Hugh Price Hughes during the Forward Movement in the circuit.

Great changes have overtaken the City of Oxford during the last half century, and the process of change goes on rapidly every day. 'The dreaming spires' look down no longer upon a peaceful township taking its quiet siesta in a drowsy atmosphere, but upon a ceaseless procession of traffic and busy streets. A belt of residential districts has grown up with astonishing rapidity. The Headingtons, Boar's Hill, Cumnor, and Sommertown have become the dwelling-places of business and professional people who formerly lived within the city walls. Once fashionable houses are now transformed into lodging houses for students. Tradesmen no longer live over their shops, which have now become offices and store places, but have moved into the suburbs.

The introduction of the Morris Cowley motor works has revolutionized the life of this old University city and brought thousands of artisans into the neighbourhood. Wesley Hall has thus become a place of stategic importance. The opportunities there are magnificent, and a splendid work is being done. But the dispersal of the old population into the outer belt has created a problem for Wesley Memorial and Walton Street. Many of the members of the congregation of these places live two and three miles away from their churches, and whilst access is made tolerably easy by motor 'buses and the possession of private cars, a new situation has arisen, calling for a new policy. In spite of the difficulties that have arisen, the work continues to prosper in the City churches, and Wesley Memorial in celebrating its Jubilee next October will be able to look forward to the future with the same faith and confidence as that which inspired its builders and promoters.

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

V. THE DUTY OF LOVE

JESUS approved the command, 'Thou *shalt* love.' But is it possible to conjugate the verb to love in the imperative mood? Does love fall within our control? Is it not something like the wind of which we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it bloweth? Is not love something which takes possession of us from the outside—something which seizes us or else passes us by? If we find a boy who is lacking in filial affection are we to say to him thou *shalt* love thy parents? You may command him to obey them, but it seems futile to command him to love them. It is of the essence of love that it is spontaneous. Soul leaps to soul, each constrained by hidden forces answering to one another. If we love, we must love freely, our whole heart and soul must be in it. 'All things are light to love,' said someone, but if love is made into an obligation, will not its demands become burdensome?

It is certain that before we can love one another there must be a measure of affinity between us. There must be a correspondence of mind and heart and will. But are we to wait until, in some mysterious way, this sense of affinity is kindled within us? Are we to be content to love only those whom we recognize as kindred spirits? If that be so, we shall have to say that the Christian law of love is reduced to very narrow limits.

When we speak of love, we are very apt to forget the part which the will plays in the Christian life, and, indeed, in every region of life. There are some who tell us that Christ's primary appeal is to the will, others say that He appeals first of all to the mind, i.e. that He reasons with us and seeks to persuade and convince us. Others, again, hold that this primary appeal is to the emotions—that He works on our feelings and strives to melt our hearts in penitence and trust and love. But it is futile to discuss which appeal is primary. We have no right to split the personality into sections and then to isolate each section. Christ's appeal is to the whole personality, and the will is an essential part of the personality. The will is the executive officer which directs the mind and controls the feelings. The will can remove hindrances which stand in the way of love. The will can purify and control and guide the emotions. The purest and noblest passion that can possess us is not kindled in any arbitrary

fashion. It is not a mere natural endowment, present in some and lacking in others. There is a *will to love.* 'Thou *shalt* love.' Love is as much a moral obligation as purity or truth or honour.

1. We must cultivate love to our fellow-men. Does not everything which is of value in life need to be cultivated, in order that it may live and grow? We only retain our purity by guarding and cultivating it. If we are pure in heart to-day, we cannot be sure that we shall be so to-morrow or the next day. New temptations await us and old ones will re-appear; we must pray every day 'create in me a clean heart.' Truth, too, needs to be cultivated. We all know how easily our sense of truth may deteriorate if we are not on our guard. We cannot leave truthfulness in thought and word and deed to take care of itself. Self-interest enters in and warps our vision, so that, almost unconsciously we lower our standards. A business man, without any conscious change of standard, may write an advertisement to-day, which he would not have written five or ten years ago. We can only guard our truthfulness by continually watching and praying lest we enter into temptation.

But it may be replied, 'These are moral and intellectual qualities. I can see that they need to be guarded and cultivated. Love, however, is an emotion, and I cannot see that our emotions can be cultivated.' Let us then take an illustration from among the emotions. Let us look at the emotion of wonder, one of the greatest of the emotions. There is nothing more characteristic of the child than his sense of wonder. He is an explorer, making voyages of discovery into the unknown. He is continually being surprised by new marvels. There is nothing *blasé* about him. The world is new for him every day. When our Lord said that we ought to become as little children, one of the things which He meant was that we ought to retain or regain our sense of wonder. This is a very delicate plant, soon nipped by the winds of familiarity and custom. There are those in whom the sunrise and the sunset, the mountains and the sea have long ceased to awaken any response. The rising of the sun gives them no greater thrill than the taking down of their shutters. But there are others who still wonder. Why? Because they have willed to keep the sense of wonder alive, and have sought for fresh revelations in the beauties and glories and joys that are new every day.

The only things which flourish when left to themselves are evil thoughts, base desires, and unholy passions. They feed on

themselves and multiply with boundless prodigality. We have no need to cultivate the weeds in our gardens. They will grow of themselves and will soon transform the garden into a wilderness, until at length the choicest flowers become little more than weeds. If we want to grow beautiful flowers, we must bring our will to bear upon the garden. We must watch the delicate buds and protect them from the biting winds and the scorching heat. We must ruthlessly root out the weeds that would rob them of their nourishment.

The flowers of the Spirit, no less than the flowers in our gardens, do not grow without cultivation and nourishment, and the most delicate and beautiful and radiant of the flowers of the Spirit is love. If love is to live, we must gain control of our feelings and must root out of our hearts the things which are hostile to love. Much of the lovelessness, which is to be found in life, is due, not to what we call incompatibility of temperament, but to the failure to apply the will to love. Two friends fly into a passion and quarrel. The gulf between them widens day by day, and at length their love may turn to hate. But a little thought and effort of will at the first, would have brought about a reconciliation.

There is nothing more beautiful than love's young dream. The youth and maiden are wrapt up in each other, and they look with eager eyes into a happy future dimmed by no cloud of their own making. They have heard that the love of others has grown cold; they have caught whispers of rifts in the lute. But it seems impossible, unthinkable, that such an experience should come to them. And yet how often has it happened that their bright dreams have been shattered. The man and the woman who promised to love and to cherish each other till death, have drifted apart and their affection has turned to coldness. Why? How could such a thing happen? Very often because they made no effort of will for the maintenance of love. They imagined that this most delicate flower could be left to itself, without any care or nurture. But it is not thus that love lives and thrives. If love is to retain its strength, the weeds that would starve or strangle it must daily be rooted out and it must be nourished by the gentle dews that distil from heaven. 'Love suffereth long and is kind; love seeketh not its own; is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' And this means self-discipline, a mighty and continuous effort of will.

Again, if love is to live and grow, we must look for and

emphasize the things which we have in common with others, and not those in which we differ. It is commonly said that love is only possible where there is affinity of soul. But there is far more affinity between man and man that we are apt to realize. Misunderstandings and estrangements are due largely to the fact that we see only superficial divergencies, and lose sight of deep hidden affinities. But these differences can be broken down. In presence of a great catastrophe men forget their class differences and remember only their common humanity. A common sorrow brings all kinds of people together and reveals to them an unsuspected affinity. The discovery is made that 'The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skin.'

So with our relation to other nations. It seems hard, at times, to love men of different race and language, and most of all of different colour from our own. But these differences, which set men in hostile camps, real as they are, are only superficial. Let us rally the resources of our will, and bring compulsion to bear on ourselves, so that we look longer and deeper, and we shall discover that 'God hath made of one every nation for to dwell on the face of the earth.' There is a deep underlying affinity between us and men of every tongue and colour.

2. We must cultivate love to God. Love is an obligation. Thou *shalt* love the Lord thy God. We sometimes hear it said, 'I am not conscious that I love God. I reverence Him, but I do not love Him.' What answer shall we give to such as these? Simply 'Thou *shalt* love.' Love is an obligation, it is within our own power. We must exercise the will to love.

But how? We must first of all root out of our hearts the things which kill love and then cultivate it in the only way in which it can be cultivated, that is, by fellowship. The Christian religion is not concerned with the apprehension of abstract truths, but with the relations of persons—the relation of our souls to God. To love God we must know Him as He is revealed in Jesus Christ; and to know Him, it is not enough to read the Gospels or to accept the creeds. We must commune with Him and hold fellowship with Him. Out of fellowship with God, love is always kindled. In willing the means, we will the end. If we will to commune with God, we will to love Him.

We all find it easy to admire and reverence Jesus Christ, the revelation of God. Why do our admiration and reverence so often fail to develop into passionate love? It is not that others have a capacity for love which we lack, but that they have

realized that love must be cultivated and nourished through intimate communion with Jesus Christ. The study of His portrait in the Gospels wins our homage and allegiance, but if we know the meaning of what Thomas à Kempis called ' familiar friendship ' with Him, we shall catch accents and tones in His words to which we should otherwise be deaf, and we shall discover beauties and glories in Him, which would otherwise be hidden from us. Our hearts will answer to His heart, and we shall know ' the love of Christ which passeth knowledge,' even the love of God. We shall love Him because He has first loved us.

Love is not the endowment of the few. It is the privilege and the duty of the many. ' Thou *shalt* love.'

When Jesus Comes

By HENRY BURTON, D.D.

I will come again, He said,
When He brake the paschal bread;
But when Jesus comes again,
He will come on earth to reign,
Potentates of earth will fall
At His feet, as Lord of all,
When Jesus comes.

Evil things will slink away,
Hiding from the light of day,
Where the seeds of sin were sown,
Fairer harvests will be grown;
Nations will no longer war,
When His will alone is law.
Racial enmity will cease
In a brotherhood of peace,
When Jesus comes.

Holiness unto the Lord
Will rule out deceit and fraud,
Right will triumph over wrong,
Making life itself a song.
Strife of class with class will end,
They will treat as friend with friend,
With a kindly spirit blest,
Each to each will give his best,
When Jesus comes.

Names and sects will disappear
In that glad millennial year,
And through Zion's gates the throngs
Will pass in with joyful songs;
Lo, the signals from the sky
Speak the second Advent nigh;
Come, Lord Jesus, claim Thine own!
Set in every heart Thy throne!

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

From the throne of God there springs
A pure and crystal stream,
Life, and peace, and joy it brings
To His Jerusalem:
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place
Where God resides below.

God most merciful, most high,
Doth in His Sion dwell;
Kept by Him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell;
Built on her o'ershadowing Rock,
Who shall her foundations move?
Who her great Defender shock,
The almighty God of love?

All that on this Rock are stayed
The world assaults in vain;
Ever present with His aid
He shall His own sustain:
Guardian of the chosen race,
Our Jesus doth His Church defend,
Saves them by His timely grace
And saves them to the end.

From C. Wesley's hymn 'Ps. xlvi.,' published among the 'Hymns on the Earthquake,' March 8, 1750.

V.

IN SOLITUDE AND DEATH.

NOW for a while the noisy strife is left behind, and scenes of quietness and contemplation take its place. War, indeed, must everywhere give place to fellowship and trust. The fire-eaters of all nations, of all ranks of society, of all parties, must be thwarted and robbed of their power to hurt. Many years ago Tennyson uttered his longing that happier days might come. In an 'Epilogue' he said—

You wrong me, passionate little friend.
I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace.

. . . . . .

And who loves War for War's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse.

He also looked forward with a more certain hope. He hailed the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. It is right to believe that peace will come. But at present the last Great War is fresh in the memory. Nobler views of humanity are, however, being spread abroad. One of the most hopeful signs is the wide observance of the anniversary of the day on which the Armistice was signed, when the whole British nation, comprising one-fourth of the habitable earth, is called upon to observe a two minute's silence as a tribute of honour and respect for the fallen. At the time of that first call to silence the editor of *The Children's Newspaper,* wrote:

> Have you stood alone on some hill-top at midnight, when the great lamp of heaven is shining down on the silent earth, and the valley stretches out for miles and miles beneath your feet, and not a leaf is stirring, not a soul is moving, not a bird is singing? You were alone with the stars. Is anything so dramatic as that? We marvel at the power of the Kingdom of man, but we stand in awe at the solemn stillness of the Kingdom of God. To stand alone in some great place, in some great hour, with all the world shut out save for the everlasting wonder of the stars, is to feel that silence on the earth in which there seems to come to us the voice of angels. We hear the music of the spheres; we hear a voice that seems to say, 'Be still, and know that I am God. . . .' For silence, shutting out the world that is made with hands, brings us to the gate of a world that no man sees but all men know, the world in which they live who once were dead.

The shutting out of the world that is made with hands has been the aim of more than one experiment in religious observances. The revived practices of retirement and retreat are among the simpler methods. In the Middle Ages those who forsook the world, with its frivolities and its woes, in order to commune in private and to save their souls through prayer and fasting were numbered by many thousands. Conventual establishments were found all over Europe. As illustrating both the attractiveness of the ideals of communal life and the failure of man's attempts to give them a distinct and separate place in social organization, the story of the rise and fall of monasticism will ever be one of great interest.

Monasticism arose out of ascetic practices which, whatever their origin, had been long observed in the Christian Church. Hermits and anchorites who lived separate and alone in deserts and mountain fastnesses had shown an example of renunciation for many generations, the most renowned among them being Anthony of the Egyptian desert. About the time of Anthony's death a colony of eremites was established in Gaul by St. Martin of Tours, but with apparently little or no lasting effect. A little

later, however, another experiment was made at Lérins, an island of the Mediterranean, near Cannes. There, under the leadership of St. Honoratus, a monastic establishment was begun which has existed almost uninterruptedly from the first decade of the fifth century until now. At times, its influence has been very great. But of all the names associated with it the greatest is perhaps that of St. Vincent, whose famous book, *Commonitorium,* which declares the papal doctrine of Tradition, occupies a prominent place in ancient theological literature.

Here, in the quiet abbey already erected, he cast his lot in life, in order that he might without great distraction (as it is said) ' practise that psalm-song Vacate et videte quoniam ego sum Deus; and so, after divers and sad storms in the wars of the world, he sheltered himself in " the most certain port of the religious life." ' Of his history nothing more is known, except that he lived in this retirement until his death on May 23, in the year 450.

All honour be to those who have faithfully practised that psalm-song away from the distractions of the world. Such retirement for such a purpose would be a blessing to many a weary worker in the kingdom of our Lord, though the period so spent be only brief.

Of monasticism in the time of its greatest influence one episode will now be given.

It was towards the end of the eleventh century that Stephen Harding, a young Englishman, went on pilgrimage to Rome. Each day as he journeyed he chanted the whole of the Psalter. Arriving at Rome he worshipped with all the fervour of a true pilgrim. Having performed his vows he turned towards home. As he passed on his way through Burgundy he came upon a cluster of rude huts which had lately been erected in a place of great solitude. It was a recently-established monastery of the Order of St. Benedict. He stayed there to rest. Taking note of the manner in which the brethren lived he discovered that the rules of poverty and chastity were so well kept that his heart, inclining as it did to a rigid asceticism, was completely won. The life suited Harding's temperament. Everything he saw touched his devout mind to a deep responsiveness. He stayed on longer than he had intended and eventually became a member of the community. For a time all went well. The brethren were diligent and faithful, the seasons for prayer and work regularly observed. He had found at last his soul's Jerusalem.

But with labour came wealth, and with wealth an increasing laxity of discipline. The fellowship became less worthy of its vows. Fasts and prayers and daily service were neglected. The glory of the place was departed.

Harding and a few others kept the light of fidelity burning while the lamps of their brethren guttered out. Their zeal had but little effect on the unfaithful members. They endured in sorrow, hoping by their example to effect a reformation. But the decline seemed permanent and at last they despaired. Determined upon preserving the original purity of the Order, twenty-four of them finally moved away from the place and settled in the marshy glade of a wild forest. Here Harding found his opportunity. As the acknowledged leader he organized the brethren with military precision, causing them to swear warfare against worldliness, luxury, and insincerity wherever they found it. Austerity was both a binding rule and a beckoning ideal. Labour, simplicity, and poverty were to them as their very life.

How they endured the consequent hardships the undisciplined can barely imagine. It is certainly no wonder to any one that for fifteen years there were no recruits. Death reduced their numbers, and it would seem as though the last to fall would remain unburied in the awful solitude. Apparently the experiment was doomed to failure. Yet all unknown to them, success was waiting. And how great a success! Men of princely families and of princely spirit came to take the vows. They had passed by the wealthier monasteries. Driven by their desire after God they chose the humble, insignificant, and decaying brotherhood in the forest glade. The fellowship grew again in numbers. Other Orders copied its rule. Other branches were formed. A greater than Harding became their leader. Under this man, the celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux, the world was influenced by monasticism as never before nor since, and the Order reached its greatest glory. He was one of the few supreme rulers of the Church, and his name was a name of might.

The fame of the new Orders spread far and wide. In the city of York there was a community of Benedictines located in the Abbey of St. Mary's. The brethren there heard the report, and a number of them determined to follow the new strictness of rule. Led by the sacrist of the house, and the prior, both of whom bore the name of Richard, they gradually drew away from their laxer brethren. They talked of removing to more congenial surroundings. When their project reached the ears of the abbot

he threatened them with violence. This they escaped by taking refuge in the Church, whence they sent an appeal to Thurstan, the Archbishop of the province of York. Thurstan befriended them and took them into his own service to protect them. Meanwhile—and this is where one point of contact with the words of the song is found—he appealed to his fellow prelate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to intervene on their behalf, saying that ' God, who is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble,' was providing a way of escape for them that they might live uprightly. Then he took them to Ripon, and leading them to a neighbouring valley wild with thorns and briers, he blessed them and left them there.

That happened in the year 1132 A.D. It was the cold, dreary month of December. The number of the men was thirteen. Absolutely destitute, without the semblance of a shelter from the stormy night which threatened, they stood and looked around. But they quickly bestirred themselves. Under an elm tree they made a roof of thatch beneath which to worship and to sleep. Throughout the ensuing winter they abode there, though for some time they lived, it is also said, under the shelter of seven yew-trees. Their work was that of gathering sticks for their fire, the cutting of stakes for the enclosure of a garden, the breaking up of the soil in preparation for the spring-time, and the plaiting of mats. Often at the point of starvation they persevered. They still remembered the source of their inspiration, and in the spring two of their number were sent with greetings to the holy Bernard at Clairvaux. Gladly and reverently the leader heard their story. When they had finished, he exclaimed, ' It is the finger of God. Would that I were able to come over and behold this uplifted spactacle which makes glad the whole city of God! '

So with the words of this psalm on his lips the greatest of the monks gave the messengers his blessing and sent back with them one who was able to instruct them in the Rule of his Order. Thus arose the community which built Fountains Abbey by the lonely banks of the Skell. For several generations the brotherhood maintained a high reputation for sanctity. Before the dissolution of the monasteries, however, it had become, like all the rest of the great monastic foundations in England, corrupted by wealth and weakened by luxury. It was, therefore, ready for the fate which overtook it in common with the other religious communities.

The influence of the holy Bernard lives in his writings as well

as in the memory of his deeds. Though it cannot be confidently affirmed that he wrote the famous Jubilus rhythmicus de nomine Jesu, from which a number of popular modern hymns have been derived, there are compositions of his, epistolary, devotional, and mystical, which have accomplished a great work. It has been suggested, and with much reason, that the imagery of the Forty-Sixth Psalm was in his mind when he composed his striking allegory on the efficacy of prayer. In a picture of Jerusalem being besieged by the king of Babylon he there supposes the Church encompassed by the World and enduring its active opposition. The invested city being reduced to great extremities, a faint-hearted soldier named Fear exclaims ' Who shall help us now? ' Wisdom hears the complaint and answers, ' Dost thou not know that the God whom we serve is able to deliver? Is He not the Lord of Hosts, even the Lord mighty in battle? We will send a messenger unto Him.' But Fear replies, ' What messenger? See you not our walls begirt with an armed host? What messenger can find or force his way through such? ' Wisdom, however, refuses to be discouraged by the seeming hopelessness of the position. She calls to Faith, and exclaiming, ' Lo! here is a messenger,' bids him send forth Prayer. Whereupon Prayer receives her message and flies up to heaven's gate, there to deliver her petitions. An answer is given, and she returns again laden with the news of consolation and deliverance, news which declares that, though their enemies were more numerable than the locusts of Egypt and stronger than the giant sons of Anak, yet is God ' a very present help in time of trouble.' Therefore, continues the message from on high, ' He will fight for you, and you shall be delivered.'

Of peculiar interest to the People called Methodists is the refrain of this song, inasmuch as it was of absorbing interest to their great founder during the closing stages of his life. The abounding zeal and undying influence of John Wesley no one would care to challenge. His genius for organization still broods over Methodist Conferences and Synods. The power of his preaching is manifest in his written words, and the succession of Methodist preachers sustains the high standard set at the beginning. Changes in modes of expression were inevitable. Yet there was a power of appeal in the old preaching which is not lost in the written word even to-day. It is not possible to follow Charles Wesley in all that he says in his sermon on ' The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes,' an oration called forth by the great disasters of his days, and based upon the eighth verse of

this song, nevertheless there is an unction in the words and the deep spiritual passion of his heart can be felt.

The picture now to be presented is that of the great evangelist as he was in his old age. After the methods of the Holy Club had failed, the experience of the warmed heart with its assurance of divine favour, had supported him throughout a fifty-year's campaign against personal and social evils. At eighty-seven he was still writing new sermons and preaching indoors and out. The last time he preached in the open air was in the month of October at Winchelsea. But the time of his departure was at hand. As he felt it drawing nearer he formed the habit of concluding his services with the verse beginning,

> **Oh! that without a lingering groan**
> **I may the welcome word receive.**

The last week but one was full of activity. He preached at Lambeth on Thursday, February 17, 1791. The next day at Chelsea he had not strength enough to finish his sermon. He dined at Islington on Saturday, but had to get a supply for the evening service he had intended to conduct at City Road Chapel. On the Sunday he was unwell, but Monday saw him on duty at Twickenham. Tuesday he preached at City Road for the last time. The day following, his last sermon of all was delivered at Leatherhead. On the Thursday, February 24, he went to Balham, where he was cheerful, and dictated the famous letter (his last letter) to Wilberforce concerning the slave question.

From that time a change in his condition appeared. He slept a great deal. At times he spoke. He even sang, though with a weak voice, and his song was that favourite hymn of his, Dr. Watts' 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' He desired to write, but could not. 'Let me write for you, sir,' said Miss Ritchie, who attended him. 'tell me what you would say.' 'Nothing,' he replied, 'but that God is with us.' A little later he cried out twice so that all the room could hear him, 'The best of all is God is with us.' A little later still, Mrs. Charles Wesley and others having arrived, he cried, 'The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' Through the following night he lingered, trying at times to sing his favourite hymn. Thus with songs of assurance upon his lips and the warmth of Christian love in his heart, he went down to the river upon whose farther bank there is, for such as he, the open portals of heaven. The next morning, March 2, 1791, he was at rest on the bosom of his Lord.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

V. QUAINT FOLK OF METHODISM

> Who choosest for Thine the weak and the poor;
> To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
> Entrusting Thy riches, which always endure.

MY father always kept before him the importance of the little village 'causes.' Some were very struggling and feeble, but there was usually one or two brave folk giving of their best, absolutely devoted to 'our chapel.' It is not only the local preachers who are the backbone of Methodism, but that unnumbered, and sometimes unremembered, brave band of office-bearers and class-leaders who stand by these little chapels with very little to encourage them. How they looked forward to my father's visits. 'We must ask t' Super. He'll mebbe find a way oot.' They knew how sympathetically he would listen to their report of difficulties and rejoice in improvements. In the Circuit Quarterly Meeting he never let them feel put on one side as if they were not of much importance. He often found a fund of wisdom in some of those thoughtful, retiring country people, and more real grit and loyalty to Methodism than in the towns. At the same time there was a lighter side to his visits to village causes, and a country appointment generally gave him a fresh fund of stories with which to regale us on his return.

In one village there was a nice little round-about dumpty body who entertained him in more ways than one. If he had stayed for dinner and tea with Mrs. Beavis, and her meek little husband, whom she called 'Olbut,' we were sure of some juicy stories.

The first time my father went he received rather a shock. He discovered that her 'third helping of teeth,' or to put it in proper style, 'her full upper and lower dentures,' were only allowed to grace state occasions, such as services on Sundays or Foreign Missionary Meetings.

Perhaps it was with the idea of making him feel at home, that after unlocking her cottage door and ushering him in, she deftly nipped her teeth out and popped them on the kitchen parlour mantelpiece, where they sat guilelessly smiling down upon him. When she was dressed for the evening service she reached up

for them and replaced them in her mouth, minus any washing, just as unconcernedly as she took up her umbrella.

Not only was she a Mrs. Malaprop, but names and dates became a fine medley in her mind.

I went to a Foreign Missionary Meeting there with my father in the circuit trap and stayed to supper with Mrs. Beavis. Happily ' our young colleague ' was preaching in a farther village or I am sure we should have disgraced ourselves by laughing when she somehow touched on the subject of clothes and fashion, and said ' Now *I've* got a costoome, it's so good as new *yet,* and I 'ad it when 'Enery the eighth died. 'Tis a bit old-feshioned o' course, but I doan't mind that.'

As she saw us off that November night, and shivered at the thought of our ten mile drive home, she said, ' Aye! I wish I could be dominant like the dormouse this cold weather. 'Tis that cold o' mornin's doin' me oblations ' (ablutions).

She mothered the little flock there to the best of her ability, and was, as Poor Steward, a very wise and kindly dispenser of what she called ' the Poors' Fund.'

Another old lady in a north country circuit, who sometimes entertained the preachers, had apparently a permanent tooth fixture put in by some travelling dental appliance person. She was very proud of the fact that they were fixed ' sure and safe.' The top teeth had a brass wire running through the middle of them, the ends of wire being attached to teeth growing on the premises, so to speak. But time had loosened the teeth, and they hung like pearls on their wire, for the front ones turned most exciting somersaults, and twiddled over and over if she was not very careful when speaking. Sometimes, in a pause in her conversation, one or two would remain hanging ignominiously upside down in the most rakish fashion, so she put out a wary tongue and curled it over the offender and brought it right way up. My father used to say that those teeth absolutely mesmerized him, and he had hard work to keep his mind on what the dear old soul was saying, when her teeth performed such acrobatic feats.

Her husband fancied himself as a poet, and regularly read my father his poems when he stayed there. This was rather afflicting between services, but they were both so sure my father would enjoy them, ' bein' as you are high eddicated,' that he bore up under the ordeal bravely. The chief difficulty was to find suitable remarks to make when the doggerel lines were finished.

One gem he rememberd was a eulogy on Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee.

She's been a wife and mother
To all her children dear.
To educate and train them all
She's had to persevere.

It was in a south country circuit that a steward always wrote out the notices in full, leaving nothing to chance. One day when my father was preaching in his little village chapel he was handed this astonishing announcement—

'The Zoological Collection will now be made, and the stewards will wait upon you to receive what you are exposed to give.'

Father's host, however, did not at all approve of the object of the collection for the Theological Colleges. He worked himself into quite a small frenzy of disgust, waving his arms and stamping his feet until the crockery on the kitchen table danced.

' 'Tis spilin' young men so 'tis—this yere collidge. What do they want larnin' of 'em Greek for? Powl (Paul) knew na Greek! By Gar! No! '

A quaint character whom we all delighted in was Miss Martha Hussey. She belonged to a type, now fast dying out, who regarded ' the ministers ' with an almost superstitious awe. It is no wonder that in her day some ministers became aloof and ultra parsonic. ' The ministers ' were always spoken of by her with bated breath, as if they were beings of another sphere who condescended to dwell in this vale of tears.

It was her greatest joy in life to entertain them, and in her preparations for their meals she kept in mind their very mortal bodies. For these preparations were made on such an exhaustive scale that her one little servant was heard to say, ' Drat the ministers, I say. They be only 'uman like oorselves! Ef they eats 'alf we've a' cooked vor un, they'll bust, sure as h'eggs is h'eggs.'

I was ' asked to meet ' two of these honoured brethren for tea one day at Miss Hussey's. We had seven kinds of jam on the table, only we called it ' preserve,' besides a bewildering array of scones, tea cakes, and cakes.

Miss Hussey sat at the head of her table, her iron grey hair neatly plastered down, peering at us benignly over the top of her spectacles. But a doubtful look came in place of her beaming smile as she looked first at one minister and then at the other. For a moment I quaked, for I saw that a dilemma

faced her. Which should she invite to ask the blessing? Both had reached the honourable estate of superdom—both were equally strangers. She solved the problem by saying, 'If Mr. Roberts will ask the blessing perhaps Mr. Johnson will return thanks when we have concluded?' So both supers were stroked the right way and purred pleasantly through the meal.

She made a confession to me the last time I saw her. Here it is.

'You know, dear child, I *used* to think ministers were next door to angels!—I don't think so *now*,' she added in a hurried parenthesis. 'I am afraid they are getting very worldly. I even saw our young minister going by with golf sticks! He wasn't even *garbed* as a minister!'

This was evidently the last straw. I met 'our young minister' on the following Sunday for tea at Miss Hussey's, and we only had three kinds of jam. 'So *now*,' I thought, 'I can grade the worthiness of the minister by the jamminess of the tea table.'

Pater Invisus

By WALTER HAWKINS

Father of the souls of men—
  Men of every tribe and race,
Never quite beyond their ken,
  Though they may not see Thy face.

Near us in the light of day,
  In the breath of summer eve,
In the bursting buds of May,
  Where the trees their symbols weave.

Nature is Thy shadow vast,
  And we feel Thee passing by,
Hear Thee in the wintry blast,
  Think of Thee when comrades die.

Thou art never quite in view,
  Thou art never far away:
Thoughts of Thee our minds imbue
  Like some unseen fountain's spray.

Thou dost leave us to inquire,
  While our straining mind expands;
But Thou hast a great desire
  To the work of Thine own hands.

So the rays from Watching Eyes
  Fall upon us from above,
Till a conscious soul replies
  In an echo, 'God is Love.'

'The Charm of Cambridge'

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

THIS volume has a double charm. Mr. S. C. Roberts guides us through the buildings of which Charles Lamb said that he ' could live and die in them and never wish to speak again,' whilst Mr. W. G. Blackall brings the colleges before our eyes in a series of illustrations which it is a real pleasure to look upon. Messrs. A. and C. Black publish the book at a guinea and those who secure it will treasure it for a life-time.

The Approach to the University.

The best impression is gained by approaching Cambridge along the London road which brings a traveller past the old toll-house through Chaucer's Trumpington where the famous brass of Sir Roger de Trumpington in the church and the beautiful war memorial claim passing attention. The road is now lined with elms in which the nightingales still sing, and leads onward to the stone marked ' one mile to Great St. Mary's.' It bears the arms of Trinity College in memory of its Master, Dr. Mowse, who left money to pay for the repairs of the highways around Cambridge. On the left is a corner of Coe, or Cow, Fen, where Henry Gunning and his friends used to go snipe-shooting. The Leys School is here opposite the Engineering Laboratory. In Trumpington Street, where the married don first found refuge is Addenbrooke's Hospital with its girdling canal. The conduit which runs along carries us back to the University Carrier famed by Milton and by Steel who tells, in the *Spectator,* how Hobson kept a stable of good cattle always ready for the road. Every customer had to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door. That was ' Hobson's Choice,' which did equal justice to man and beast.

The Fitzwilliam Museum.

Opposite Addenbrooke's is the Fitzwilliam Museum, the art treasury which grew out of Viscount Fitzwilliam's bequest in 1810. Basevei, the architect of this fine classical building, was killed by a fall from some scaffolding in Ely Cathedral before the Museum was finished. Here is the Metz Pontifical, one of the lovely legacies of the fourteenth century. The ledgers of Sir Joshua Reynolds are also here and masterpieces of Rembrandt, Raeburn, Hogarth, Turner, and the Pre-Raphaelites. The window looking across the garden of Peterhouse gives a glimpse of the unexpected charm of Cambridge.

The Oldest College.

Peterhouse is the oldest of the colleges, and its quiet dignity comes out in Mr. Blackall's drawing of its old court and chapel. The town is older than the college but schools were in existence before 1209. Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, gathered students where St. Mary the Less now stands in 1284. He died two years later leaving a legacy of 300 marks with which a certain area was bought and a handsome hall built on it. The buttresses of this hall are the oldest collegiate relics. The oriel window of the hall was the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, but on the south side are the fifteenth-century windows which bear the added glory of stained glass designed by William Morris. Matthew Wren, Master of the College, Bishop of Ely and uncle of Sir Christopher Wren, consecrated the chapel in 1632. But the charm of Peterhouse is not merely in its buildings. Behind the main court is Gisborne Court from which you enter the deer park, the only one in Cambridge and the smallest in England. This famous Grove is divided from the Fen by a wall which has stood more than 400 years. Gray was a Peterhouse man and the iron bar to which his rope ladder was fixed is still seen outside his window. He migrated to Pembroke in 1756 where he was ' extremely well-lodged,' and ' as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse.' Peterhouse was the college of Kelvin, Tait, and Dewar, the great scientists, and enjoyed till 1904 the ' magnificent presence ' of its Master, Sir Adolphus William Ward.

Pembroke College.

Pembroke College is shown skirting Trumpington Street opposite to Peterhouse. Queen Elizabeth felt its appeal in 1566 when she exclaimed *O domus antiqua et religiosa.* It was founded by Mary de Valence, widow of the Earl of Pembroke, for a Master, twenty-four Fellows, and six scholars. They were enjoined to be constant in their visits to her nunnery at Denny Abbey ' as their ghostly counsellors and instructors.' Pembroke was the first college to have its own chapel for the building of which Urban V gave a licence in 1355. Matthew Wren built the new chapel after his release from the Tower in 1659. The old chapel then became the Library. Spenser and Gray are among the Pembroke poets. ' Spenser's Mulberry Tree ' is shown in the garden. Gray writes, ' The Spirit of Lazyness (the Spirit of the Place) begins to possess even me, that have so long declaimed against it; yet it has not so prevail'd, but that I feel that discontent with myself, that *Ennuy,* that ever

accompanies it in its Beginnings. Time will settle my Conscience, time will reconcile me to this languid Companion: we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes like other People and our long stories: Brandy will finish what Port begun.' Lord Chatham sent his son, William Pitt, to Pembroke: 'He is of a tender age and of a health not yet firm enough to be indulged to the full, in the strong desire he has to acquire knowledge.'

Corpus Christi.

Corpus Christi stands in Mediaeval Cambridge. It grew out of the combination of the Gilds of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin in 1352. The old Court with fourteenth-century chambers on three of its sides still remains. It is the oldest complete court in Cambridge. Archbishop Parker, who was Master here from 1544 to 1553, left his books and manuscripts to the college, which have given its library international renown. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Robert Browne, the founder of Congregationalism, John Robinson, pastor to the Pilgrim Fathers, Christopher Marlowe and Fletcher, the dramatists, and the two archbishops, Tenison and Herring, all belonged to Corpus.

The Two Queens.

Picturesque views are given of the President's Lodge and the Wooden Bridge at Queens' College, whose founders were Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry V, and Queen Elizabeth Woodville. John Fisher became President in 1505 and brought Erasmus there about 1510. In the turret in the south-west corner of the Principal Court he worked on his New Testament and his edition of St. Jerome. When tired of study 'for lack of better exercise he would take his horse and ryde about the Market Hill.' Thomas Fuller, the historian, belonged to Queens and thus describes 'the good Master of a Colledge.' 'His learning if beneath eminency is farre above contempt. Sometimes ordinary scholars make extraordinary good Masters. Everyone who can play well on Apollo's harp cannot skilfully drive his chariot, there being a peculiar mystery of Government. Yet as a little alloy makes gold to work the better, so (perchance) some dulness in a man makes him fitter to manage secular affairs.'

The wooden bridge which leads from the Cloister Court to the Grove brings us to that view of the relation of the colleges to the river, which is one of the greatest charms of Cambridge. A hundred years ago it was described as 'one of the best anywhere; for it has grand objects which amply compensate

for the want of other beauties; a small home view, with the accompaniment of magnificent edifices, and agreeable scenery.'

King's College.

King's College supplies a noble view from the Backs, and its chapel is the frontispiece to the volume. Its west-end and its south door are other beautiful illustrations. King's is common ground for the devotee and the musician, the aesthete and the sentimentalist. King's Chapel was begun under Henry VI and resumed in earnest at the end of the reign of Henry VII. It remains the glory of Cambridge. Charles Simeon was admitted as a scholar at King's in 1779 and when he became Vicar of Holy Trinity in 1783 ' his real sway over the Church was far greater than that of any Primate.'

Some Other Scenes.

Mr. Blackall gives a very fine illustration of Clare College from the Avenue. Hugh Latimer was a Fellow here, and Nicholas Ferrar, who entered in 1606 at the age of thirteen, so won the hearts of the Fellows that at the end of his first year they ' would needs have him Fellow-commoner that he might be their companion.' From Clare we find our way to the Library of Trinity Hall where some of the books still wear their chains. The Hall has been famous for its boating men, among whom were Sir Leslie Stephen, Justice Romer, Reginald McKenna, and Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia.

Every Sunday afternoon in full term the Vice-Chancellor leaves the Senate House to attend the University Sermon at Great St. Mary's. The select preacher is at his side, after them march the Heads of Houses, doctors and professors. Behind the church is the Market Hill where butter was sold by the yard ' for the conveniency of the college butlers cutting it into what they call sizes.' John Caius, the famous physician, gained royal licence in 1557 to refound Gonville Hall as Gonville and Caius College. Mr. Blackall shows the Gate of Honour through which the student was supposed to pass to successful disputation in the schools.

Trinity College.

Trinity College is represented by its Great Gateway and its Great Court, which is one of the major glories of Cambridge. Its hall is seen from Nevile's Court. There is also an inside view which shows the portraits of famous graduates hanging on its walls. Its Masters made a brilliant succession. Henry VIII founded Trinity in the last year of his reign. Byron lived in Nevile's Court and climbed by night on to the top of the Library

which is one of Wren's masterpieces. In the Northern Cloister Newton is said to have calculated the velocity of sound by timing the echo. Macaulay and Thackeray belonged to this great College. Dryden, Marvell, Herbert, Randolph, and Cowley were its sons. Its wealth and its great size have made it one of the greatest training grounds for famous men.

St. John's.

A little beyond Trinity is the noble gateway of St. John's. Until late in the eighteenth century it was doubtful whether St. John's or Trinity would have the largest number of students. In that race Trinity has won decisively. Statesmen and poets flourished at St. John's in the sixteenth century. Palmerston came up in 1803. Later years saw such mathematicians and classical scholars as Sir John Herschel, J. C. Adams, J. J. Sylvester, Isaac Todhunter, Samuel Butler, the headmaster of Shrewsbury, and Benjamin Hall Kennedy.

More Glories.

Magdalene has the Pepysian Library and its memories of Arthur Christopher Benson. On our way from it to Jesus College we pass the Round Church, one of the four English churches built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Close to Jesus is the Wesleyan College in Jesus Lane, which has brought our rising ministry into touch with the University. Sydney Sussex boasts of Oliver Cromwell, who entered as a Fellow commoner on April 23, 1616, the day that Shakespeare died. Emmanuel College links Cambridge to America through John Harvard. Girton and Newnham have brought new interests to the University and vie with the strongest of its colleges in scholarly achievement.

The Skylark's Early Song

By R. ERNEST LITTLE

A skylark now soars in the steely grey sky,
And wafts wavering music to all who pass by;
Though bitter winds blow with a wintry sting,
The singer waits not for soft zephyrs of spring.

The nightingale sings when the world is all dark,
And through the cold blast comes the song of the lark;
The bird in the hedgerow, where thorns like a dart
Beset him, is pouring sweet songs from his heart.

And shall I complain when the storms gather round,
And I am enclosed with thick darkness profound?
Nay rather, I'll raise, like a son of the light,
Pure praises to Him who gives songs in the night.

The Sign on the Door

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

LATE one January evening, young Tommy Giles, who had been taking mended shoes (the property of the kitchen-maid) to Sir John Laverdy's place, came whistling past the churchyard, where his uncle Bill lay buried. He had heard somewhere that it was the right thing to whistle when going through a churchyard at night. It occurred to him that it might be a safeguard when passing a churchyard, as much as in crossing it. To tell the honest truth, young Tommy—despite the reputation he had gained for courage when he strangled a timber wolf—was afraid.

The new sexton, Albert Reeve, who now occupied Bill Price's cottage by the churchyard wall, had caused some uneasiness in the village about Christmas time, by declaring that old Bill Price's ghost walked in the churchyard at night. He did not claim to have seen Bill's ghost, but declared that he had heard Bill's well-known footsteps in the graveyard.

Tommy wanted to run by the churchyard, but by a determined effort to live up to his reputation for courage, walked, walked slowly. But once in the village High Street, he gulped, wiping a cold perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. He was ashamed of his fear, and a little angry. Why could not his Uncle Martin have remembered those shoes earlier in the day? They were ready on the shelf of the cobbler's shop in the morning.

The night was very dark, and more than once Tommy ran into some unknown object. He thought resentfully that the motor cycle which Miss Plunket had given to him had had to go away to be repaired, after a car had collided with it. He could have covered the distance in no time if he had had it. Thinking of this, he suddenly felt himself ' pulled up with a jerk ' as he expressed it afterwards.

He was close to the cottage which had once been the home of the little dressmaker—Miss Miffit. It was now occupied by two old maids, aunts of Hippery's new ' Entertainer ' at his ' Hall '—Darcy Thomas. The old maids were known as the Misses Roscommon, and lived so much to themselves that Farley village knew practically nothing of them.

Tommy found himself staring bewilderedly at something

shining on their door. The cottage was in darkness. This strange unearthly shining was *on the door itself*. Tommy rubbed his eyes, and came closer.

It was a drawing—a mere outline, but carefully executed. There was the head of a woman, and above it a sword, suspended by a thin thread, held by a spider.

Tommy stared, bewildered, and not at his ease by any means.

That drawing was done with luminous paint, of course. Tommy's knowledge of cinema shows helped him to the conclusion that this drawing was a threat, and was the work of some enemy of Darcy Thomas—the entertainer—who was even now giving his popular performance at Hippery's Hall. Darcy Thomas would come to the cottage later, as he slept at his aunts' home on Friday nights, it being difficult to get back to Hastings after the performance was over. He usually left very early on Saturday mornings by the carrier's cart, which got him to Hastings in time to catch a train for Tonbridge, where he gave two performances on Saturdays—one in the afternoon, and another in the evening at the ' Cashet Music Hall.'

Tommy, who had still that vein of curiosity, which his uncle had condemned, strong within him, had peeped at the window of this cottage more than once since the Misses Roscommon had taken it. This had been on each occasion in the late afternoon, when the sitting-room was lighted only by a blazing wood fire, it being a little early for the lamp to be lit. He had seen exactly the same picture each time: two middle-aged and very old-fashioned women sitting on either side of the fire. Both wore black gowns, white lace collars, and a black silk apron. Both had a thick plait of hair arranged like a coronet high on their heads, while a sort of cushion of hair covered the back of their heads. Tommy thought what a lot of hair they must have! Others in the village who had caught sight of these early-Victorian figures talked of 'hair-pads,' and ' false-plaits,' coupled with allusions to ' the year one,' followed usually by some good-natured remark about these ' harmless old dears.' Their nephew, however, came in for more active criticism. Darcy Thomas, despite the name he went by, looked like a Spaniard, and a handsome one at that. He was always extremely smart in appearance, and very up-to-date. When Hippery had engaged him he had been momentarily ' down on his luck,' but now was full of engagements. He told most amusing stories to the audience while his beautifully-manicured hands filled in a soft and delightful accompaniment on the

piano. He sang songs in a pure tenor voice, distinctly a trained voice. He gave personations of costers, of street-hawkers, of the 'nervous man,' of the 'bully,' acting so wonderfully that his own personality was completely lost in the one he assumed. He made fairy music spring from tumblers partly filled with water, which he touched with a wand. There was no end to his variety. Every Friday Hippery's Hall was filled; and every Friday was a new performance. Hippery made money. Darcy Thomas was for him 'the goose that laid the golden eggs,' and he made much of his entertainer.

'My!' exclaimed Tommy to himself as he at last reluctantly dragged himself away from the weird sign on the door. 'That there Darcy Thomas 'll get a shake-up when he comes back to-night, I'll bet my boots.' He sighed regretfully, as he was conscious of a deep longing to be there to see, and of the finality of any hope or wish of that kind. He could never slip out again, against his uncle's wishes, as he had done on that night of his great adventure with the timber wolf. Poor old Uncle Martin must never again be put to such pain. Besides, hadn't he given his word? Tommy was proud about always keeping his word.

But he told old Martin what he had seen as they ate their supper in the white-washed kitchen, where a good fire made the little room cheerful and warm.

'It's some trick by some boy like you,' pronounced old Martin, who was more interested in the tripe and onions he had fetched from Barnard's tripe-shop than in a drawing in luminous paint on a door. 'Besides it's a silly thing—a spider holding a sword by one of its webs—the spider couldn't. The web couldn't hold more than a feather-weight. There's no sense in it.'

'Look here, uncle,' cried Tommy eagerly, but not over-distinctly owing to his mouth being full of tripe, 'I'll show you! Now listen to me. When a feller's in great danger it's said as how a sword is hanging over his head. Well, if that sword falls, the feller's head gets cut open. Now in this picture the sword is held over a woman's head (it looks like a woman's, but must be meant for a man's), by a spider, which has it at the end of one string of web. That means to me this. "There's only this weak thread holding the sword over your head, Darcy Thomas. You know it will fall, and you'll be done for." That, uncle, is what the picture means.'

'Rubbish,' retorted old Martin. 'All this comes of your going to the "pictures," getting your head filled with stuff and nonsense. Get on with your supper.'

Tommy relapsed into silence, but his mind was wholly occupied with what he felt to be a ' thrill,' which was a pretty real one.

Later on, when he and his uncle were in bed, Hippery walked with Darcy Thomas to the cottage, that he might talk over some new ideas.

Cheerily the two men walked through the dark village. They had come to terms virtually for the winter, though nothing was definitely settled. Finally they pulled up short at the cottage.

' What on earth is that! ' exclaimed Darcy Thomas as he caught sight of the outline drawing shining on the door, ' Some mischievous young rascal, I suppose, has been having a lark.'

Hippery stared at the suggestive picture attentively.

' It may be a warning,' he pronounced. ' It may mean that someone in this house is in danger. It looks like a woman's head; but it may be meant for a man's. Do you remember the writing on the wall in the Bible? There were warnings in those days, and why not now? We may be returning to those times in history when manifestations were common. We may even revert to the glacial period, and become the fossils which future races will——'

' Oh! stow that, Hippery! ' cried Darcy Thomas irritably. ' Go home, do, and ask your wife to put a cold bandage round your head! '

' My wife, who is the best of wives, does not need that you should make suggestions regarding any of my needs,' declared Hippery in a very pompous manner. ' I will say good-night,' with which he strode away.

Darcy Thomas entered the cottage with a queer contraction of the heart. This sign on the door had disturbed him more than he would have liked Hippery to know. He remembered that one of his aunts had received a postcard with this identical drawing upon it when they were all in America, and that it had made her very ill. He had never been able to discover why. He had come to live with them in America when he was twelve years old, when he had become an orphan.

They had both a small income left them by a noble family in which they had together been in service. To-night, as he entered the cottage, he began to realize for the first time how little he really knew about them. They had been always kind to him, he told himself. They had travelled with him after he had become an ' entertainer,' so that they could make a home for him wherever his work led him. They had kept him at times, when work had not come to him. He loved them.

Striking a light he found the lamp and lit it. The old ladies went to bed early, and never left lights burning.

The first thing he saw was a very ordinary thing: namely a good supper of chicken and ham laid ready on a dainty white cloth. A jug of milk and a glass had not been forgotten. Yes, the old secretive dears had always been good to him.

Quietly he went to the scullery where he knew he should find turpentine. With this, and some sand-paper, he removed the picture on the door. Then he sat down to his supper, very uneasy in mind. He had to go away early in the morning to Tonbridge. He would not get back to Hastings till very late. How he wished his aunts would be frank with him. There was some painful secret he was sure—that postcard in America—and this drawing on the door, looked as if some enemy were pursuing them.

The postcard, he remembered, had been addressed to 'Miss Emma Roscommon.' That was the older aunt. Rachel, her sister, might know no more than he did—or, she might. Somehow he felt he could not question either of his aunts. How could he help them without their giving him their confidence?

An inspiration came to him. He would go round and ask Jack Barnard to keep an eye on the cottage next evening, and any evening when the old women were alone. Quietly he left the cottage and walked up to the tripe-shop. Jack was standing at the open door, taking as he said, a mouthful of air before turning in.

'Say, Darcy Thomas!' cried Jack, 'your's was a bully show to-night. I was there!'

'Oh that!' retorted Darcy Thomas. 'It is something else I want to talk of. I'm a bit worried, Jack.'

Then he told the story of the postcard and of the luminous drawing on the door.

'No, I won't come in, Jack,' he said, in answer to the Canadian's invitation to come right in. 'You see I don't want to leave the cottage for long. I wanted you to keep an eye on it to-morrow while I'm away, especially in the evening, and any time my aunts are alone.'

'I sure will,' answered Jack. 'Looks to me like someone being an all-fired outlaw. Till you told me of that postcard, I sort of thought the door affair a boy's trick. I don't now. Get back there now. Leave to-morrow to me.'

Saturday night was a great 'tripe-and-onions night' in the village, so a difficult one for Jack Barnard to get away from his

shop. However, he soon, as he expressed it, figured out how he could surmount the difficulty. He went in to Mrs. Target, and got that friendly soul to serve out the suppers for him, while he went to do a bit of ' rather particular business.'

All day he had from time to time had a look at the cottage, but felt that after dark was the time that really mattered. If, as he surmised, some outlaw had evil designs on the two old women, that outlaw would want the cloak of darkness to aid him.

From behind a broken wall of a ruined and forsaken cottage on the opposite side of the road from the one occupied by the Misses Roscommon, Jack watched.

He saw the lights extinguished in the sitting-room. Then a bed-room window became illuminated. After that he heard a sharp imperative succession of knocks upon the door, and a light once more appeared downstairs. Instantly he crossed the road, and remained near at hand in the shadows.

The cottage door opened, and Miss Emma stood revealed. The hand-lamp she carried lit the face of the caller, and Jack Barnard amusedly recognized Bounce, the servant whose master had bequeathed him to Miss Plunket. Bounce was all right, Jack told himself. He had been probably sent by Miss Plunket on some kind errand to these lonely old women. Bounce himself was kindness personified.

It would be possible now to run back and close his shop. Later on he would have another look to make sure all was well. Bounce was a long-winded fellow Jack knew, and once in the cottage would have a long ' pow-wow ' quite regardless of the fact that the old women had already started to go to bed.

Had Jack but known!

' Miss Emma,' said Bounce, ' you don't recognize me, but I know you. You've not changed a lot in all these years.' These were the opening words of the man Jack had seen at the cottage door.

' Come in,' said Miss Emma faintly.

' Yes, come in,' added Miss Rachel at her back; but her voice had a queer quaver in it. ' We don't know you, but you seem to know us: where do you come from? and who are you? '

Bounce closed the door, and bolted it. The two women exchanged alarmed glances.

The log-fire still burned brightly, and no lamp was needed really to reveal all three pale, strained faces.

' You must have expected me,' said Bounce, ' though you ask me who I am and where I come from. You must have seen the sign on the door.'

'Sign on the door?' repeated Miss Emma with evident puzzlement.

'I will describe it,' said Bounce in a hard voice, 'since you don't seem to have seen it. It is not there now. But last night it was there. It was a picture of a sword hung over a woman's head by a spider's thread.'

Miss Emma uttered a faint cry. Miss Rachel led her to a seat.

'Now, listen to me, Miss Emma,' said Bounce, 'you have got to hear a little story, and at the end of it you will know who I am. I am not going to hurt you, but I am going to have justice done. Long ago, a lady of title dropped dead in the park where her husband's mansion stood. The nurse of her dead little boy was with her. That nurse took from her ladyship's neck a miniature of the dead child, which was surrounded by diamonds and pearls, and secreted it in her bosom. A boy, who was also employed at that mansion, saw what happened. He was then a nervous boy, and easily frightened. That nurse told him that she should say she had seen him remove the miniature from her ladyship's neck, but that he need suffer no harm, as she would arrange for his flight to America. She would pay his fare out and give him some money for a start out there. It was a choice of that or of prison. The boy protested that he had himself seen her commit the theft. She told him that no one would take his word against hers. She had been long the trusted servant. Terror seized that boy, and he allowed her to spirit him away. He got to America, and sank or swam as it chanced, till he came up against a good friend. But through all the years he meant to get even with the woman who had saddled him with a crime he never committed. He never told any one, not even the master he loved, and brought home to die here. He found that nurse's whereabouts once in New York and sent her a postcard. I see you know about that! Then she disappeared, and here at Farley village she is found. Oh! I know the family pensioned her off well, and her sister too! If I chose, I could now tell my tale to the present Lord Verald and I could furnish proof that this nurse made all negotiations for my disappearing. I have these in writing. Now, is a sword hanging over your head, Emma Roscommon?'

Miss Roscommon moaned. Miss Rachel burst into weeping, gasping out words between her sobs.

'Oh! you can't be going to deprive us of our pension, sir!' she cried.

'Your sister branded me as a thief,' Bounce told her. 'She

terrified me into obedience. I was a mere boy, and she had a solid standing in the family. My father, who was butler in a good family, disowned me, and put a paragraph in a paper to say so. Your sister parted me from the mother I loved. She has got to right me.'

'But how?' sobbed Miss Rachel.

'Tell me this,' said Bounce, 'has she still got that miniature or has she sold it?'

Then Miss Emma spoke. 'Sold it! I would have died first!'

'Then you still have it, and in that case, it must be returned to Lord Verald.'

Miss Emma moaned.

'Yes, it has got to be returned. I do not ask that you make a confession: but you have got to say that the person who returns it was the thief, and that the blame was laid upon an innocent boy, who was spirited out of the country. My name has got to be cleared.'

Miss Emma began to take down her back hair, and from the padding removed a miniature of a lovely child framed in diamonds and pearls. She kissed it before she handed it over to Bounce to look at.

'Oh! Harry Jarvis!' she cried, giving him his real name, 'shall I tell you why I sinned?—why I did you this great wrong? Did I want those jewels? If I had, why did I not sell them? *It was the portrait of the child I so adored that I wanted.* I had hated to see Lady Verald wearing it, for she had never really loved little John. I had been his real mother, and in my arms he had died. I would have given my very life for him. When her ladyship suddenly died of heart-failure, I was seized with a desire for that portrait. When you saw me take it—well, the rest followed, I did you a great wrong. I have always kept that miniature in my hair, so afraid have I been of its being seen. But yes, I will send it anonymously to Lord Verald, and will clear your name.'

Miss Rachel suddenly cried out in a despairing voice, 'Oh, Emma! and all these years you have kept this from me!'

'Because you would have made me give it up as Harry Jarvis is doing to-night,' she made answer. 'But I am glad now to make what reparation I can. It is little enough. It will be pain not to be able any more to look on that dear little face: but a burden of guilt will be lifted. A secret sin is a terrible thing to live with. Harry Jarvis, I ask your forgiveness for the great wrong I did you.'

Bounce (which we must still call him) stretched out a hand to the weeping woman.

'Don't worry any,' he said kindly. 'I've weathered it: and any of us may get a terrible temptation we can't stand up against. You'll send back the miniature and clear me, and maybe I'll then look up my folks. I do so want to look up my folks, and, Miss Emma, let us be friends. I won't tell a soul about this: and I do see your side. It wasn't the jewels; it was the picture. And maybe you didn't realize quite what it meant to me to be branded. I didn't either, till afterwards. I was a bit of a softy too, or I should have stood up for myself. But I was only a boy. I'm a man now. Maybe I'm more a man because I had to fight misfortune. So don't fret any. But for you, I'd never have met Mr. Plunket, and to have had such a friend as Mr. Plunket is a fine possession. I've fallen on my feet all right. Now isn't there something I can do for you? make some tea or something? I'm wonderful handy you know.'

At these words Miss Emma's tears gushed forth. 'Oh,' she sobbed, 'I did not think any one could forgive like that.'

Bounce looked a little shamefaced. 'I wasn't feeling forgiving when I came in,' he confessed. 'I was thinking of a revenge I'd nursed for years. But somehow—seeing how you loved that kid——'

She interrupted him. 'That little boy was deformed and mentally deficient, though he had so beautiful a face. He was only two years old when he died in my arms. All his love was mine. His parents were glad when he died. That miniature was the only portrait of him. It was done by a sister of Lord Verald. Lady Verald always wore it after he died, as a bit of "show-off." I knew it. She did not want people to know that she had never cared for this child. The other handsome children who had no defects she was proud of; but she had no mother heart. Little John seemed always to shrink away from her. That made her angry. You were young, Harry Jarvis, but you must remember how beautiful Lady Verald was, and how proud and cold. It was I—I who was little John's real mother. He would lie in my arms, and look into my face, so sweet and innocent and often with a sort of questioning trouble in his baby-face, as if he somehow knew he was not all right and wanted to know why. He would stroke my face, and kiss me. He showed affection to no one else. So he was disliked. It was pitiful. That small boy in so rich a home, with only his nurse to understand him. And then the end, oh! the end!—there was a dinner-party on

at the Hall and I was holding the dear lamb to my heart up in the nursery. He just stopped breathing, but he smiled into my face—oh I can't go on.'

'You are not to go on,' commanded Bounce. 'God forgive me that I added to your trouble! Keep the picture if you will. I will trouble you no more.'

Then Miss Emma's face changed. She looked at Bounce for a moment as if he were a vision and not a man. Then she said: 'I shall surely return the picture to Lord Verald, and shall tell him the truth. Only so can I wash out my sin against you. Only so can I make my own soul clean, and worthy to meet my little John again.'

Bounce moved across the little room and by a sudden impulse put his arms about the old woman, laying her head against his shoulder. 'Let me be a sort of a son to you,' he said with a catch in his voice. 'I've lost my dear master I loved so well. I sort of want someone depending on me a bit.'

* * * * * *

'Say! Darcy Thomas, it's a rum go,' said Jack Barnard next day when the entertainer called at the tripe-shop for news. 'I watched that cottage for hours last night, and all I saw was the coming and going of Bounce. The "going" took me off my feet! Both your old aunts were at the door: and blest if they did not both kiss him! They treated him like an old friend—almost like a son. They all seemed almighty happy!'

Darcy Thomas looked bewildered. 'They must have met somewhere before and been friends,' he commented. 'My aunts have always been a bit secretive. Anyway I am glad, for he will keep an eye on them when I have to be away. I am not easy about that sign on the door.'

It was after Darcy Thomas had heard the whole unvarnished story from his two aunts, and had found both of them radiant—a thing he had never before seen—that he called once more at the tripe-shop to set Jack's mind at rest.

Naturally he did not really enlighten Jack. What he said was, 'You are right, Jack. Bounce is an old friend. They knew him as a boy, these old aunts of mine. They are mighty glad to have found him. That sign on the door he did—his odd way of recalling himself to them, some old joke they all knew I suppose,' he added mendaciously.

But Tommy Giles waited in vain for that sword to fall on Darcy Thomas.

Military Aspects of John Wesley's Life

By Major T. J. EDWARDS

II. JOHN WESLEY AND THE YOUNG PRETENDER

THE Established Church was greatly incensed at Wesley's success and growing popularity. This was entirely due to the fact that the people wanted a message, and no one except Wesley and his co-workers gave that message. Moreover, his conduct squared with his creed. He was ascetic in his habits, sometimes lived on nothing but bread and water, slept on bare boards, gave all his money to the poor, up at four every morning, maintained himself largely by the productions of his own pen snatched at odd moments moving from place to place. Being highly bred he possessed a natural graciousness which won the hearts of the lowly and gave him access to all society. His very sincerity annoyed the Church which possessed little. High Church dignitaries fulminated against him in the pulpit; and any priest who could write, raved against him in print. But, as Macaulay has said, in the face of all this obloquy he proceeded steadily on his way, and whilst those who slandered him are forgotten, his name lives among us in honoured memory, and will do to the end of time.

The worst slander the Church produced was that of linking his name with that of the Young Pretender. The plot, however, failed because it was overdone—in that some said he *was* the Pretender and others that he was the *ally* of the Pretender. Such an indictment touched Wesley's patriotism, which was ever strong, and which his enemies knew would silence him if their plan succeeded. Let us see how he dealt with it.

In February, 1744, a French army of 15,000 troops was assembled at Dunkirk with Bonnie Prince Charlie, ready to make a dash to England. The French fleet did reach just off Dungeness Point, but fled when the British fleet appeared. The alarm in England had been raised for a long time, and this incident did nothing to allay it.

In March, 1744, Wesley was summoned to appear at Court because it had been reported that recently he had been seen with the Young Pretender. He appeared at the Court on March 20, 1744, before the Justices for Surrey at St. Margaret's Hill. He

inquired, ' Has any one anything to lay to my charge? ' Something had gone wrong with the plot, for ' None made reply,' so he walked away.

The clergy and churchwardens then began to sow seeds of slander among his followers, and he found ' a shaking among them ' as the result. They told him that certain persons ' had confidently asserted that Mr. Wesley had been seen a week or two ago with the Pretender in France; and others that he was in prison in London.' They were therefore very surprised to see Wesley in the flesh. This kind of rubbish, however, appears to have got fairly deep into some minds, as the following entry in his *Journal* testifies:

> 16 April, 1744.—Before we parted Digory Isbel informed me of an accusation against me current in those parts. It was really one I did not expect; no more than that other vehemently asserted at St. Ives, of my bringing the the Pretender with me thither last autumn, under the name of John Downes (one of Wesley's assistants). It was that I called myself John Wesley; whereas everybody knew Mr. Wesley was dead.

The whole plot seems to have been ill-conceived, for if the real John Wesley was dead why should they bother about this counterfeit. And, further, if this counterfeit was as bad as the real one then they had two to deal with instead of one. These rumours, however, were still current in the July of the following year, and no doubt they received some life from the threatened imminent invasion under the Pretender. Here is Wesley's note:

> 4 July, 1745.—As soon as I came within sight of Tolcarn (in Wendron Parish) where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked ' Why not? ' They said—' The Churchwardens and constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you. They have a special warrant from the Justices at Helston, who will stay there until you are brought.' (Now note his fearless manner in dealing with the situation.) I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horsemen, well-dressed, went straight to them, and said, ' Gentlemen, has any of you anything to say to me—I am John Wesley.' One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should presume to say I was ' Mr. Wesley,' and I know not how I might have fared for advancing so bold an assertion but that Mr. Collins, the minister at Redruth (accidentally, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying that he knew me at Oxford, my first antagonist was silent and a dispute arose of another kind. . . . I rode thence to a friend's house, some miles off, and found that the sleep of a labouring man is sweet.

Mr. Collins' timely arrival saved Wesley from arrest for asserting that he was, in fact, himself.

On September 4, 1745, the Young Pretender proclaimed his father in Perth, and within a fortnight entered Edinburgh. A few days later he defeated the royal troops under General Cope at Preston Pans, after which he commenced his march southward through England. About this time Wesley was at Sheffield, and had arranged to go to London, and the following entry in his *Journal* illustrates his patriotism and sense of public duty:

> 11 Sept. 1745.—I preached at Sheffield. I had designed to go (to London) round by Epworth, but hearing of more and more commotions in the north I judged it best to go straight on to Newcastle,

in order to be where the trouble was and where he could render most service. On his way to Newcastle he met 'Many gentry streaming south,' and was disgusted at their running away from the enemy instead of offering their services to General Husk who was in command of Newcastle.

Wesley arrived at Newcastle on September 18, and the following entries give a connected account of the happenings in the North of England, and, to a certain extent, bring events under the microscope, which views them in the smallest details:

> Thurs. 19 Sept. 1745.—The Mayor (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town to meet him at the Town Hall, and desired as many of them as were willing to set their hands to a paper importing that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy.
> Fri. 20 Sept. 1745.—The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the squad of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now also, Pilgrim-Street Gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be concerned for *us because our house stood without the walls.* Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in Him.
> Sat. 21 Sept. 1745.—The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling of the guard and for walling up Pandon and Sally-Port Gates.
> Sun. 22 Sept. 1745.—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meanwhile our poor neighbours, on either hand, were busy removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could.

But not so with Wesley, he remained and 'at eight' he 'preached at Gateshead.'

> All this week the alarms from the North continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would stay without the walls,[1] others told us we must remove quickly, for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the houses about our ears.

To ascertain the effect of the cannon fire Wesley inspected the batteries himself and worked out their trajectories, and then adds:

> This made me look how the cannon on the gates were planted, and I could not but adore the providence of God, for it was obvious; (1) They were all planted in such a manner that no shot could touch our house, (2) The cannon on Newgate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-Street Gate on the other, that none could come near our house, either way, without being torn in pieces.

One can easily imagine the look of astonishment upon the faces of the battery commanders as Wesley went from cannon to cannon calculating their effect.

> On Friday and Saturday many messengers of lies terrified the poor people out of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of county gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses and arms. Among those who came from the North was one whom the Mayor ordered to be apprehended on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat, but a surgeon, coming quickly, sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels which were thereby effectually prevented.

The rebel army did not go to Newcastle in their march to Derby, nor in their retreat to Scotland.

> On Saturday a party of rebels (about a thousand men) came within 17 miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town; and orders were given by the general that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.
>
> Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since upon being aprehended cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could that the design of the Prince (as they called him) was to seize on Tynemouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition, and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town. And if this had been done he would have carried his point and gained the town without

[1] Wesley's house was outside the fortifications.

a blow. The Mayor immediately sent to Tynemouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

Although he had ample opportunity of joining 'the gentry' who 'every hour rode southward as fast as they could,' Wesley remained in Newcastle in his house outside the fortifications. If the enemy could not frighten him he was not to be alarmed by his friends either, as shown by the following:

Tues. 8 Oct. 1745.—I wrote to General Husk as follows:—'A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come upstairs to me nor so much as into the house, but stood in the yard until I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street, where he said, "You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the general will pull them down for you."

'Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of His Majesty's subjects at so critical a time as this.

'I am ready, if it may be for His Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements but the house down, or to give up any part of it, or the whole into your Excellency's hands.'

What General Husk said on receiving this dignified and calmly worded letter is not recorded, but Wesley refused to be inwardly disturbed by either friend or foe. There is a touch of humour in his reference to General Wentworth's action in reading his private correspondence.

Thurs. 10 Oct. 1745.—We dined at Ferrybridge, where we were conducted to General Wentworth, *who did us the honour* to read over all the letters we had about us.

Wesley went back to Newcastle on October 22, 1745, and on October 26 he sent the following letter to Alderman Ridley, which is not only a commentary on the conduct of troops, but also upon their Chaplains. At the time there were 15,000 troops encamped on Newcastle moor.

Sir,—The fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for His Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action. My soul has been pained day by day even in walking the streets of Newcastle at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear whether of a Christian or an honest infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour hear this without concern, especially if they consider the interest of our country as well as these unhappy men

themselves. For can it be expected that God should be on their side who are daily affronting Him to His face. And if God be not on their side how will either their number or courage or strength avail. Is there no man who careth for these souls. Doubtless there are some who sought so to do. But many of those, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay and just do nothing.

I would to God, it were in my power in any degree to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies to call these poor sinners to repentance once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts) at any hour or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this unless what my Lord shall give at His appearing.

If it be objected (from our heathenish poet) ' This conscience will make cowards of us all,'[1] I answer, let us judge by matter of fact. Let neither friends nor enemies speak. Did those who fear God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did John Haime,[2] the dragoon, betray any cowardice before his horse sank under him? Or did William Clements when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans when the cannon ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him as long as he could speak to praise and fear God and honour the King? as one who feared nothing but lest his last breath should be spent in vain. If it were objected that I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions that might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears, that they may judge whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest therein; but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and Country. If it be judged that this be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, Sir, to believe that I have the same glorious cause, for which you have shown so becoming a zeal, earnestly at heart, and that therefore, I am, with warm respect

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

Sun. 27 Oct. 1745.—I received a message from Mr. Ridley that he would communicate my proposal to the General, and return me an answer as soon as possible.

Thurs. 31 Oct. 1745.—At ten I preached on the Town Moor[3] at a small distance from the English Camp (the Germans[4] lying by themselves). . . . Yet I could not touch their hearts.

1 Wesley quotes inexactly from Shakespeare, *Hamlet* III. i.

2 John Haime was one of Wesley's soldier preachers. He joined the army voluntarily. The Duke of Cumberland, Commander-in-Chief of the army in Flanders, heard Haime preach, unknown to the preacher.

3 Where the army was encamped.

4 Some thousands of whom were in the pay of England.

The words of a scholar did not affect them like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

Nov. 1, Fri.—A little after nine just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A Lieutenant endeavoured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done he tried to make amends by getting up where I stood and telling the soldiers all I said was very good.

Here is a note on the quality of the musketry of the rebels:

Wed. 18 Dec. 1845.—It was on this day that the Duke's army was so remarkably preserved in the midst of ambuscades at Clifton Moor.[1] The rebels fired many volleys upon the King's troops from hedges and walls behind which they lay. And yet, from first to last only ten or twelve men fell, the shot flying over their heads.

Wesley was at Newcastle when he first came into touch with the rebellion in an active form, and by coincidence his last touch with it is at Newcastle also.

March 1, 1746, Sat.—I visited the sick (at Newcastle), who increased daily in every quarter of the town. It is supposed that 2,000 of the soldiers alone have died since their encampment, the fever or flux sweeping them away by troops, in spite of all the physicians could do.

His final entry regarding the Rebellion is:

Thurs. 9 Nov. 1746.—The day of Public Thanksgiving for the victory at Culloden[2] was to us a day of solemn joy.

It is clear from the foregoing extracts from his *Journal* that Wesley exhibited fearlessness, courage, calmness, and devotion to the service of both his spiritual and earthly kings, during a period of great danger, and this was the man regarding whom false rumours had been circulated in the previous year alleging a connexion with the Pretender. He could have kept well away from the seat of danger, but he chose to be where he could serve.

[1] General Oglethorpe was court-martialled for not attacking Cluny and Lord George Murray when the Highlanders stood at bay and defeated the Duke of Cumberland's advanced guard. He was, however, acquitted.

[2] The battle was fought on April 10, 1746. The 'Cumberland' or 'Culloden' medal, one of the earliest of British war commemorative medals, in that it was the medal of the 'Cumberland Society,' which was instituted to commemorate the victory.

The first of these papers appeared in our January issue.

Music and Literature

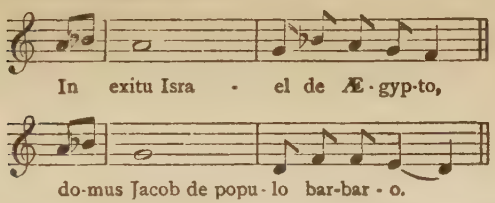
By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

II. DANTE (2).

DANTE represents his journey as commencing on Palm Sunday in the year 1300, and his progress through Inferno is supposed to occupy the two following days. The travellers then pass into Purgatory, and as they commence the ascent of the ' Holy Mount ' they meet a crowd of a hundred spirits intoning Psalm cxiv., ' When Israel out of Egypt came.'

To sing it with one voice they all combine,
And all that's written of that Psalm the same.

TONUS PEREGRINUS.



This is only one of many references to the Psalms, all of which are introduced as being chanted, and not recited. It is evident that Dante had a great reverence for the Psalmist of Israel, and even ascribes his own inspiration to David.

From many a star this light comes down to me:
But in my heart he dropped it first whose breath
Raised the chief song to heaven's Chief Majesty.—*Par.* **xxv.**

Elsewhere Dante calls him ' the sweet singer of the Holy Spirit ' (*Par.* xx.), and whilst passing through Purgatory he sees the ' humble Psalmist ' dancing joyfully before the consecrated ark. (2 Samuel vi. 14, 16.)

During their progress through the various realms of Purgatory, the travellers frequently hear verses from various Psalms being intoned or sung, but each time the Psalm is chosen with a very definite object, and its appropriateness is always apparent: Psalm cxiv., already referred to, is sung by the spirits who have been saved, and who have been steered across the sea by the Heavenly Pilot; at the thrilling moment when Dante first beholds Beatrice the angels commence singing Psalm xxxi., but the poet specially records that only the first eight verses are sung, as far as ' In a large place my feet are set by Thee,' since the remainder of the Psalm would not be appropriate.

Were these Psalms sung in unison, or is any other form of singing suggested? This is an interesting question, and an examination of the context shows that various modes of rendering were in the poet's mind. Take, for example, the opening of *Purg.*, Canto xxxiii.:

> 'O God, the heathen are come in.' Thus weeping
> The ladies now commenced sweet psalmmody,
> Now three, now four, alternate measure keeping.

Here it is obvious that antiphonal chanting is specially referred to. The ladies who represent the Seven Virtues sing this Psalm in lamentation for the sad condition of the Church. A simple chant, doubtless a Gregorian, would be used, and three of the choir sing one verse, to be answered by the other four singing the second verse. Usually the Psalm is chanted in unison by all present, but occasionally one is sung as a solo, as in *Purg.* xxix., where Dante hears 'a sweet melody wafted through the luminous air,' and discovers a lady singing Psalm xxxii.

> Singing as if enamour'd she resumed
> And closed the song with 'Blessed they whose sins are cover'd.'

The antiphonal chanting of the Psalms, in which choir or congregation sing alternately, is of great antiquity. The peculiar structure of the Hebrew form of verse is evident proof of this, and there is no doubt that the method originated in the ancient Jewish Church. It was introduced into the Christian Church by Ambrose of Milan, and of course Dante was well acquainted with it.

But the Psalms are not the only choral music that Dante records. His intimate knowledge of the church music of his day is shown by the frèquency with which he quotes the hymns of the Church, antiphons, refrains, and ascriptions of praise.

> And then from choir to choir Hosannas flew.

One of the most striking instances of jubilant song occurs in his progress through Purgatory. The news comes that another soul has 'perfected repentance.' As a token of this there is a sudden trembling of the mountain, and all the spirits join in singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*—'Glory be to God on high!'

> Just like the shepherds who first heard that song.

One of the cantos of *Purgatory* opens with a metrical version of the Lord's Prayer, wherein the angels are represented as

> Offering free homage while they say Hosanna.

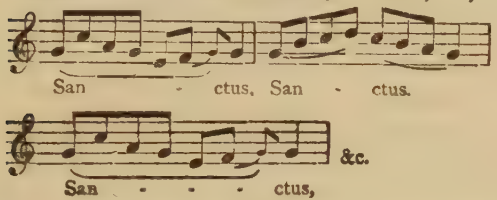
So also we hear the same refrain in the courts of Paradise, sung by the Emperor Justinian.

Hosanna! Sanctus Deus! Lord of Hosts!
By Thy effulgence making yet more bright
The raptured ardours of these heavenly coasts.

Elsewhere Dante hears the Sanctus:

When I was silent, sweetest song did flow
Throughout all the Heaven, and my Lady too
With them cried 'Holy, Holy, Holy!'

Mode VIII.; 11th Century.
(Contained in the Sarum Gradual, xii. Cent., &c.)



The Beatitudes are continually referred to as the subject of song, a fact which receives added interest because an attempt has, in the last few years, been made to introduce them into the Free Churches in the form of responsive services. That they were so used in Dante's time is evident from the frequent use he makes of them. He hears one of the Beatitudes in each circle of Purgatory that he visits; sometimes the 'melodious air' is heard amid fierce laments and shouts of blasphemy. In another place he hears an angel singing 'Blessed are the pure in heart'

In tones with which no human voice can vie.

So, too, as he advances he hears 'Blessed are the peacemakers' sung by an unseen choir (xvii.). Further on 'Blessed are the merciful' greets his ears.

[*To be continued.*]

Joys

By G. ROBINSON MYERS

White clouds paling in a mist of blue,
Hill-tops rugged, green, and high,
Streamlets breaking into thousand smiles,
Are the joys of earth and sky.

Sun-kiss'd moorlands on an April day,
Wind flowers waving o'er the lea,
Golden sand on a wave-rimmed shore,
Are the joys of earth and sea.

Broken bodies in the midst of pain
Toiling as heroes only can,
Lovers of purity, of truth and grace,
Are the joys of God and man.

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

THE LAST TIME

TURNING over the old Portfolio in search of a sketch of a beautiful cottage in Sussex, which many years ago had been reproduced in a magazine, I found that I had written down something about its inmates. I found, too, that I must have attached some importance to it at the time, for I had enclosed it carefully in the big envelope with the sketch itself. Also I saw the pencilled word ' Keep,' upon it.

I held up the sketch and examined it. Once more I felt that sensation of delight which I remembered having experienced long ago when, at the top of a very gravelly lane, I leaned my bicycle against the fence of that lovely cottage garden. I seemed once more to smell the sun-warmed roses, and the mignonette, and the pungent scent of the box-borders, which ran on either side of the path of red bricks, leading to the green porch, weighted down, it almost appeared, with masses of yellow and red roses.

The cottage was thatched—very beautifully thatched—thatch varies a lot. The thatch projected rather far out, so that a young girl's head, framed in the open lattice of a bedroom, was in shadow. The lovely laughing face was there in my picture. Her yellow hair had caught a gleam from the sun, hanging as it did, far out of the window, as she craned her head out. In one hand she held a comb.

I seemed again to hear her fresh young voice calling, ' Teddie! are you and grandfather never going to begin? '

A voice from somewhere had answered, ' I'm bringing the steps.'

Then I remembered seeing a fine strapping young man come round from the back of the cottage, bearing a short ladder. I can even now see the glance of unmistakable love he shot up at that vision of sweet girlhood in the window.

Behind this stalwart youth tottered an old man. His body was bent. His white hair fell over his coat collar. His white beard, a bit ragged, had lodged itself inside his waistcoat. He was in shirt-sleeves—sleeves rolled up to the elbow, over thin arms.

But his face! It had a glory on it. If babes come to this world ' trailing clouds of glory,' some old people seem to pick them up again. The girl's face had captured my artistic

enthusiasm, but that old man's face almost made me want to kneel. It had stamped upon it the beauty of holiness.

I laid down my sketch, and turned to my manuscript. From this manuscript I now give to my readers the simple story of these cottage folk, as I garnered it during the two days I spent with them, making more pictures than that of the cottage—pictures that will live in my memory.

I had watched the placing of the ladder by the porch. I had seen the old man mount the rungs while the young man held it. I had seen the old man nail the trailing roses further up, till they bordered the window where his granddaughter's flower-like face peered out.

'There! my little Liz!' he called to her. 'I've done it myself, as I said I would, but I'm thinking it's the last time! That young husband of yours will have to take the job on from now. But I've made the yellow rose go round your window like you wanted. Your dear grandmother was main sorry when the one died that had been round the window before.'

When I knocked upon their door ten minutes later, and asked permission to sketch their cottage, old Isaac Beany (as I found was his name) gave me instant welcome.

'Sure and certain, miss,' he said heartily. 'You will make me rare happy to think my little cottage I set such store by has been done in a picture. Will you be so condescending as to have a cup of tea? Liz will be getting our tea now.'

I accepted gratefully. The day had been hot, and my bicycle had had to be trundled a lot: but I had been told of this cottage and its beauty, so had determined to reach it, despite unrideable roads.

Tea in that homely kitchen, with wonderful old furniture, was something to remember.

Pretty Liz and her Teddie were still so much in love as to forget that a stranger was there.

Old Isaac was master of the ceremonies. He it was who replenished my cup when Liz forgot me, while absorbed in Teddie.

The old man told me that he himself had thatched this cottage, and had made the garden what it was. 'My dear missis, as lies in the graveyard, and me, we made a paradise out of what was a tumble-down cottage and a wilderness. The flowers and the vegetables were our friends: so much that she said to me before she died, "Isaac," she said, "I'm not only leaving the dearest husband, but those dear friends in the

garden ;" ; and I said to her, " How does us know we leave anything for the last time? Maybe the good God will still let you look at the garden—and me? Well, there can't be no last time about me. I shall come along of you. But while I'm here, I'll nail up the roses like you want them done. When I am gone, then Teddie and Liz will do it the same. They'll get married soon, and Teddie will live here along of me."

' That seemed comforting-like to her. She put her hand in mine, and said, " It is not a last time, Isaac, is it! It's me going a bit ahead of you: that's all! But I'd like to think the flowers were tended! "

' She looked, as she talked, somehow young again—like Liz in a way—I couldn't make it out. She had always a pink and white face, even when she got old, but in that last time—that last night we had together, she seemed to grow young. It was beautiful to see her. She went to sleep—her last sleep so quiet-like. I think the mother of Liz was hushing her. Amy, Liz's mother, died when she was born, which is how we came to bring up Liz. I don't think, miss, there are any last times of meeting those we love, we are only parted for a bit. But I've nailed up the roses for the last time, I'm thinking. I wanted to do them myself once more, so I could tell her when we meet: and it won't be so long now.'

The last words caught the ear of Liz.

' Now grandfather! ' she cried, jumping up and kissing him, ' Stop that nonsense! You got to train that rose for years and years and years! '

Well, I got Liz to let down the golden glory of her hair, and lean out of that lattice window upstairs, while I made my sketch, but I could not persuade the old man to come into the picture though I wanted him badly.

' No—I won't be in a picture without my dear missis,' he said gently. ' She and me must be together. I couldn't bear to see a picture of this cottage with me in it and not her. But all the same, miss, she'll be pleased as well as me that you'll make a picture of the cottage that was heaven and earth to her and me.'

I said good-bye to the old man regretfully. For me at least it seemed, and was, a last time.

I passed that way again a year later, but old Isaac lay by his beloved wife in the churchyard.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

For Preachers and Missionary Advocates.

DR. J. H. RITSON'S new book *The Bible among Men* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) is being well received and has been highly spoken of in the Press. 'The Primitive Methodist Circular,' says, 'The sermons are luminous expositions relating to the message and ministry of the Word of God. . . . These sermons are models in phrasing, and represent wide culture, clear insight, and deep spiritual knowledge.' Dr. Tasker writes in the 'Recorder': 'A volume of sermons which will be read with delight by all lovers of "the Book of Books" . . . The one inspiring theme is treated with freshness and fervour, and is illustrated by incidents drawn from a unique experience of travels in many lands. . . . There is scholarly exposition of truth as well as incontrovertible evidence of the need for, and the value of the Bible Society's work.' 'We took up the volume with some feelings of hesitation,' says the 'Nottingham Journal,' 'but we put it down with feelings of regret: regret that it was not twice the length. . . . It will be a great pity if this book is overlooked by readers because they "do not care for sermons."' Two more quotations show the value of *The Bible among Men.* The 'Methodist Times' calls it 'A volume of sermons which will appeal to all lovers of the Bible. Many unfamiliar texts are expounded with rare skill, but the chief value of the book is found in the remarkable felicity of the illustrations. . . . Preachers and missionary speakers will find it to be a gold mine which will enrich their appeals for world evangelization and any one who uses it for devotional reading will get a new conception of the amazing power of the "Word of God."' 'The Record,' the Anglican Evangelical newspaper declares that 'If clergy or laity require a mental tonic respecting the Evangelical witness, they will find stimulating help in Dr. Ritson's suggestive and timely volume.'

Making for World Peace.

Christianity and the League of Nations, by Dr. Archibald W. Harrison, ought to need no further commendation to those who believe in World Peace than the title implies. It is interesting to note that Rev. John Swinden says 'Those who believe in the League of Nations, and who is there among us that does not, will welcome this excellent manual which gives information and

suggestions of great value. His book is admirably adapted for the education of young people and contains many things which speakers on the work of the League can effectually use. I heartily commend this to the notice of all interested in Study Circle work.' Rev. W. Bardsley Brash: 'Dr. Harrison has by writing this book done us a truly great service. We believe that it will create in many a new enthusiasm for the work of the League—and will give to them a real intelligent understanding of its aims and achievements. We greatly needed a book of this order, and we thank Dr. Harrison for it. We hope that it will be widely read, and that many Study Circles will make it a book of study.' 'The Clarion' does not profess much sympathy with religion, but on Dr. Harrison's book says readers 'will find in it plenty of arguments to use in reply to the foolish statements of those Jeremiahs who think we are wasting our money at Geneva.' (2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Bunyan Tercentary.

This year is Bunyan's year and it is up to all lovers of religious freedom to be sure that the Bedfordshire Tinker's life is brought to the forefront and especially commended to young people. For this purpose there is no more concise and well-written life of the Immortal Dreamer than Rev. R. Winboult Harding's *John Bunyan.* (2*s.* 6*d.*) Here are a few opinions on the book. 'The Times' says, 'Mr. Harding's volume compactly assembles information on the development of the Puritan spirit, on the main turnings and tribulations of Bunyan's life, on his principal writings, their contents, merits, reception, affinities, and on the man as he stands above the mists of time. The book is allusive, benevolent, convenient, and of a disarming transparency. 'The Christian' maintains that 'This is a study of Bunyan by one who has a thorough acquaintance with the times in which he lived. The author has read widely, and while familiar with what others have said in regard to the man and his message, he has his own ideas, arrived at after keen research. For those who are intending to lecture on Bunyan in this tercentenary year we can recommend no more useful volume than that which Mr. Harding here presents to the public.' 'The Methodist Leader' writes: 'Amid the numerous volumes pertaining to Bunyan's tercentenary we hope this one will not be lost in the crowd. . . . The ten chapters are studies of the Immortal Dreamer. They are admirably informed, are tersely and lucidly expressed and, read consecutively will enable the reader to see the background of the times in which Bunyan lived, of his early life, his

imprisonment, and subsequent ministry.' 'The Lincoln Leader' points out that 'a Bunyan life may be a compilation of facts or a caricature of faith, but this one is a portrait of a man who lives and interests us. . . . The story is told in excellent English, and has an excellent picture of the warrant for Bunyan's arrest. . . . We congratulate Mr. Harding on a fresh work on an old subject.' 'Mr. Harding has not pretended to write a biography of the Tinker, but has dealt with certain salient features in his life and work. Moreover, he has brought to the task a real insight into the times in which Bunyan lived, and his historical sense has enabled him to shed considerable light on the prevaling ideas of the times. The book is packed with reliable information. It is a worthy addition to the Bunyan library.'—'Nottingham Journal.' Mr. W. J. Wray, in the 'Smethwick Telephone' says that 'Mr. Harding should have a wide circle of appreciative readers as they follow the master-dreamer in the person of the Pilgrim, for in his one hundred and twenty pages he has managed to distil the gracious essence of the dreams.'

The Test of a Sermon.

Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead, in his recent book, *The Transforming Friendship* (3*s.* 6*d.*), shows what he regards as the real test of a sermon:

> The test of a sermon is not whether it is educative and satisfies a quite worthy intellectual curiosity as to the meaning of a passage. If we call it a sermon we must relentlessly ask ourselves these test questions: Is it going to help people to live? Does it actually touch life and come to grips with the things men are daily facing? Does it send them away with new courage and hope to climb the shining way? We must not be satisfied if a man goes away and says, 'That was a fine sermon,' or 'That was a fine preacher.' We must not be satisfied till people go away and say, at least to themselves, 'That made a difference to *me*,' or 'That is going to help *me*,' or 'That makes life more meaningful to *me*.'

Mark Guy Pearse, in an article in 'The Recorder,' says, 'There is throughout the book a tender human sympathy and a ready human understanding. Through it all is the authority, the compulsion of conviction that is convincing. There is force that comes from one possessing that of which he tells, and is possessed by it.'

For Nature Lovers.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *The Garden of God* (2*s.* 6*d.* net) is the book, which in the days of flowers abounding on every hand, should be particularly welcome to Nature lovers. Of it 'The British Weekly' says, 'The book displays those qualities of poetic

insight, ardent love of Nature, and depth of feeling which the public learned to appreciate years ago in Mr. Kernahan's writings. . . . Here are stories for all children of the spring.' K. D., writing in the ' Hastings Observer,' claims that ' Here is a writer who has the rare and happy knack of writing what will appeal without seeming to force himself to do so. . . . One is amazed by Mr. Kernahan's familiarity with the smallest details of Nature. . . . It would be hard to say which is the best of the essays, because they are all so consistently good that comparisons become not only odious but very difficult. . . . It is a pleasure to roam with Mr. Kernahan along Nature's unfamiliar paths, a pleasure which one may obtain for the remarkably reasonable price of two shillings and sixpence.' ' The Christian World ' says that ' In every page Mr. Kernahan shows himself a close student of Nature, with a mystical appreciation of the witness borne by Nature to a good and loving purpose in things—hidden or revealed—according to the " eye of the beholder." '

Mr. Rattenbury on the Lord's Prayer.

Everybody knows that Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury has the pen of a ready writer and in *Our Father and His Family* (1*s.* and 2*s.*) he has expounded the Lord's Prayer in clear terms. Says ' The United Methodist,' ' The book is modern in spirit and outlook and yet very devotional. Apart from its private use it would provide material for conversation at fellowship meetings and the like.' Dr. J. G. Tasker commends it in ' The Recorder ' thus—' Within less than a hundred pages Mr. Rattenbury has condensed a comprehensive exposition of the prayer, which he happily describes as " the most perfect and fragrant little flower of human speech." The saying of the Lord's Prayer will never again be a formal, not to say vain petition to those who imbibe the spiritual wisdom of this choice booklet.' Of it ' The Christian World ' says, ' the booklet is enlightening and should make its readers repeat the Prayer with even deeper earnestness, and with more determined resolution to be on their guard against temptation and to cultivate forgiveness and the peace-making spirit. . . . The booklet has a high value for its suggestiveness.' ' Joyful News ' points out that ' The evangelical meaning of the great prayer glows in this small book as we do not remember to have seen it shine in any other treatment of the subject. Mr. Rattenbury begins in the holy of holies of personal religion and widens out his exposition till the evangelical appeal is seen to mean sound righteousness and the implications of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.'

Reformation Freedom in Danger.

A crisis has arisen in the religious life of England. After twenty years' work by the Sacerdotalists the Deposited Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons in December last by a majority of thirty-three. This has brought the greatest of all issues before the nations. That issue is whether world-wide Protestantism shall be true to the Reformation and free, or whether she shall become Catholic, i.e. in everything save the Headship of the Pope, Roman Catholic.

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